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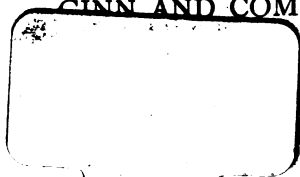
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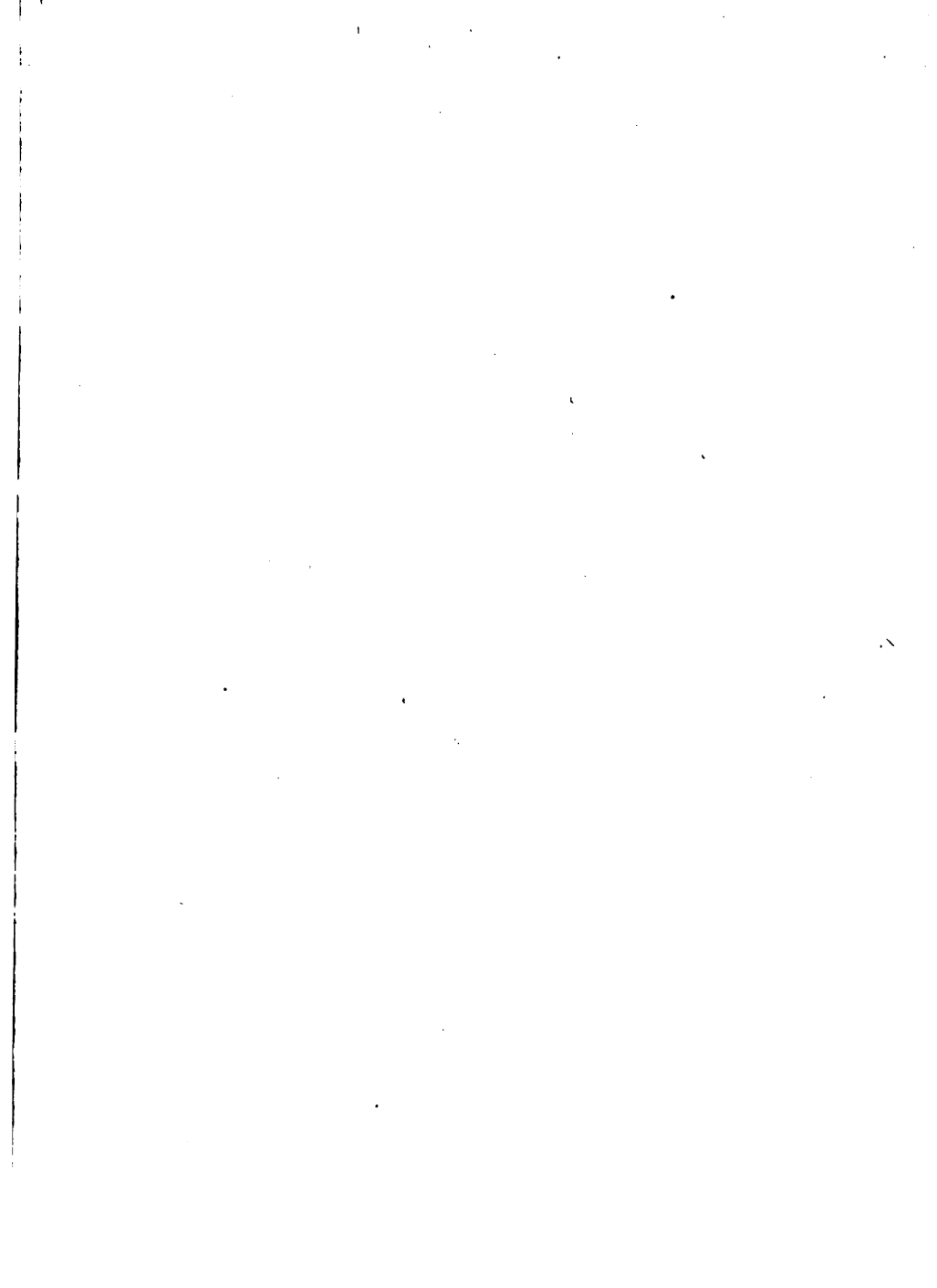


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CINDERELLA OF THE WIGWAMS

THE HORACE MANN READERS

INTRODUCTORY THIRD READER

BY

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THE HORACE MANN READERS
INTRODUCTORY THIRD READER

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FOREWORD

THE stories and other pieces contained in this book are intended for boys and girls in the second or third year of school, who have completed a reading book of about the grade of the Horace Mann Second Reader. In range of vocabulary and in reach of conceptions the book should be adapted to the use of children from eight to ten years old, and even older, according as it may be intended for close study or for rapid reading. The culture epoch chiefly appealed to is that in which the dominant interests are the folk tale, the fable, the fairy story, and the story of youthful adventure.

The sources of these stories and tales are widespread. Seven of them came direct from India; five from ancient Greece; and one or more each from Scandinavia, Germany, France, Italy, England, Ireland, and North America. The children who read this book through will have accomplished a veritable voyage of discovery, not merely to unknown lands, but also to new and unvisited regions of the spirit.

The Jataka Tales are based on the Trübner edition, with such slight adaptations as seemed necessary for the present purpose. The classic brevity of the fables from Æsop has been in some cases expanded into a more modern form, an adjustment for which high authority is not lacking. "Punchkin and the Prince," which in the original was somewhat too ramifying, has been pruned down. On the other hand, the present text of "Hans in Luck," "Puss in Boots," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Beauty and the Beast," is in each case a faithful re-translation of the original French or German, "with the former translations diligently compared and revised."

The Daniel Boone Stories are (it may be frankly confessed) not a literal record of historic occurrences, a diligent study of all the sources of our information about the great pioneer having disclosed only the most meager facts about his boyhood, and they probably half fiction. However, it is believed that the stories are true to frontier life and true to the character of the historic Daniel Boone; and it is hoped that as such they will prove stimulating and profitable reading to youthful Americans who, though shut off from enjoying the frontiersman's stirring experiences in person, are all the more eager to share them in imagination. It may be of interest to some "Horace Mann" readers to know that the adventures of Daniel Boone are to be continued in "The Horace Mann Introductory Fourth Reader."

The hearty thanks of the editors and publishers are due to Professor Helen Gray Cone and to the Century Company for permission to use "Dandelions," and to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use "Flying Kites" by Frank Dempster Sherman, and "Crocus" by Celia Thaxter.

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INTRODUCTORY THIRD READER

THE WOLF AND THE CAT

A wolf was running for his life. The hunter and a pack of hounds were after him. In the forest he was almost surrounded; so he ran out of the woods toward a village, hoping there to find safety in some barn or cowshed.

Seeing a cat on a fence, he called to her: "Vaska, my friend, tell me quickly which of the villagers is the kindest, so that I may hide myself from my evil foes. Quick! Do you not hear the sound of the horn, and the terrible baying of the hounds? All that noise is actually made in chase of me."

"Go quickly and ask Stefan," said Vaska, the cat, "he is a very kind man."

"Quite true; only I have killed and eaten one of his sheep."

"Well then, try Demain."

"I'm afraid he's angry with me, too; I carried off one of his kids."

"Run over there, then; Trofim lives there."

"Trofim! I am afraid to go near him. Ever since last spring he has been threatening to kill me because I stole one of his lambs."

"Dear me, that's bad! But perhaps Klim will protect you."

"Oh, Vaska, I have killed one of his calves."

"What do I hear, friend?" said Vaska. "You've quarreled with all the village. What sort of protection can you hope for here? No, no; our people are not so foolish as to be willing to save you to their own hurt. And, really, you have only yourself to blame. What you have sown, that you must now reap."

From the Russian.

A good name is better than great riches.

There is nothing more friendly than a friend in need.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.



VASKA AND THE WOLF

THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

Once upon a time a camel and a pig became fast friends.

One day the two friends went walking along a shady street. The camel looked down at the pig, and said :

“I’m sorry for you, pig; you are so short.”

But the pig replied :

“I was just thinking how sorry I am for you; you are so tall. There’s nothing like being short, *I say.*”

“How silly you are,” replied the camel. “I say there is nothing like being tall.”

“You are wrong,” said the pig, “it is better to be short, and I will prove it. If I fail to do so I will give you my snout.”

“It is better to be tall,” said the camel, “and I will prove it. If I fail to do so I will give you my hump.”

“Agreed!” said the pig.

So they walked on until they came to a garden.

All around the garden there was a low stone wall without any gate or any opening.

"Now see," said the camel, "what a fine thing it is to be tall."



Then he reached over the wall with his long neck. First he picked up a tender cabbage and ate that. Then he reached for some turnips and ate them. Soon he had made a fine breakfast.

The hungry pig with his short neck could get

nothing at all. He could not even see what the camel was eating.

“Well, friend pig,” said the camel, smacking his lips, “which would you rather be, tall or short?”

“You just wait awhile,” said the pig; “perhaps you will wish to be short before the day is over. Let us walk on.”

So the two friends walked along the dusty road, which led them far out of town.

The sun was very hot, and there was not even a tree by the roadside to make it shady for them.

About noon they came to a field with a high fence round it. In the field they saw green trees, with ripe fruit on the ground, and a brook, with grassy banks and pleasant shady places.

“Now,” said the pig, “you shall see what a fine thing it is to be short.” So saying he slipped under the fence with ease.

After eating his fill of the fallen fruit, he walked over to the brook, drank some of the cool water, and then lay down on the thick grass in the cool shade of the trees.

While the pig was eating, drinking, and resting, the poor camel stood outside, hot, tired, and hungry.

At last when the pig felt quite cool and comfortable, he got up and came back under the fence to the camel.

"Now then," said he, laughing, "which would you rather be, friend camel, tall or short?"

"Let us go home," replied the camel, "and we will talk about it on the way."

So they talked about it on the way home.

The camel was not willing to say that it was better to be short.

The pig was not willing to say that it was better to be tall.

So they agreed that the camel should keep his hump and the pig his snout.

And as they walked along together they sang this little song:

"Tall is good where tall will do,
The same of short is also true."



THE LION'S SHARE

The lion and three other beasts once agreed to hunt together, and to share the spoils equally.

One day a fine fat stag fell into a trap set by the goat, who at once called his three partners.

After the stag had been divided into four equal parts, the lion took the best piece for himself, saying, "This is mine, of course, as I am the lion."

Then taking another portion, he said, "This, too, is mine by right, since I am the strongest."

Setting aside the third piece, "That is for the bravest," said he; "and as for the remaining part, touch it if you dare."

Æsop's Fables.

THE BEGGAR'S BAG

A beggar, limping along with his bag on his back, grumbled much about the folly of rich men, who always wanted to grow richer.

"If," he said, "I were lucky enough to have only a little money, I should enjoy it, instead of wishing for more and more."

Just then Fortune came up to him, and said: "I have heard you and will make you rich. Hold your bag. What falls in it shall be gold, but what falls on the ground shall be dust. Your bag is old and thin — have a care!"

The beggar was so glad that he hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or his feet. He held the bag open, and Fortune poured into it gold enough to make him rich for life. But

still he wanted more ; and when Fortune asked if he had enough he said, " Not quite."

" But your bag is giving way. I see a hole in it."

" Never fear ; it will hold a little more."

" But think ; you are very rich now."

" Still, I should like you to put in another handful."

" There ! Your bag is quite full now, and it will burst if I put in another coin."

" Just one more."

But before Fortune could put in the one more, the bag burst, and the whole of the gold fell to the ground and was changed to dust. When the beggar looked up, Fortune was gone, and he was as poor as ever.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

Industry needs not wish.

He that lives upon hope will die fasting.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

One very hot day a fox who was both hungry and thirsty spied some bunches of grapes hanging high upon a vine.

The very sight of them made his mouth water, — they looked so sweet and juicy.

But after trying in many ways to reach the grapes, and all in vain, the disappointed fox went away, saying:

“Those grapes are not fit to eat; they are sour.”

People often make believe that they do not want what they cannot get.



THE QUARREL OF THE QUAILS

Once upon a time a large flock of quails lived together in a field. They had a leader who used to call to them with a certain whistle. When they heard this 'they would all come together.

Now there was a hunter living near who could whistle just like the quail leader, and so was able to call the quails together.

When they were crowded in one place, he

would throw his net over them, stuff them into his bag, take them to the town and sell them; thus he made a good living.

But the wise quail leader saw through the plan of the hunter. One day he called the birds to him and said: "This hunter will be the death of us all, if he keeps on catching us. This is my plan to stop him. The next time he throws the net over any of you, let each one put his head through one of the little holes in the net, and then all lift up the net together and fly away to a thorn bush. The net will stick fast on the thorns and you can go free."

To this all the quails agreed.

The very next day the hunter came and called them as at other times. Some of the quails flew together. The net fell over them and they were caught. But the quails lifted the net and flew away with it to the nearest thorn bush where it stuck fast, while they escaped.

The hunter worked until after dark getting his net off the thorns, and he went home hungry and without a quail. The next day the same thing

happened, and the next. His wife was angry because he did not bring home any money. "Why is this?" she cried: "You used to bring me money every day. Now you bring me none. Is it because you are idle, or because you gamble your money away?"

But the hunter said: "I am not idle; I work harder than ever. And I am not a gambler. The trouble is with those quails. They have taken to working together. The moment my net is over them, off they fly with it as if they were one great quail. But just wait. They will not work together long. They are sure to have a falling out soon. As soon as they begin to quarrel, I shall be able to catch them again."

Not long after this, one of the quails in alighting on the feeding ground, stepped by accident on another's head. "Who trod on my head?" angrily cried the second.

"I did; but I didn't mean to. Don't be angry," said the first quail. But the second quail was angry and said mean things.

"One would think you were the only quail in

the world," said he. "I suppose you think you lifted that net all by yourself."

Others were drawn into the quarrel, so that when the hunter came that day he found them fighting, some on one side and some on the other.

This time, instead of flying off with the net, one side said, "Why don't you lift it, if you're such lifters?"

"Lift it yourselves!" cried the others.

But while each side was calling on the other to lift, the hunter lifted them all in the net and stuffed them into his bag.

And when he went home that night with his pocket jingling, his wife smiled and said, "Quails are not so different from people, are they?"

Jataka Tales.

There was a fat man of Bombay

Who was smoking one sunshiny day,

When a bird called a snipe,

Flew away with his pipe,

Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

DANDELIONS

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet at dawn their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of vet'rans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Write it on your heart that every day is the
best day of the year.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BROTHER RABBIT, THE WHALE, AND THE
ELEPHANT

One day little Brother Rabbit was running along on the sand, lippety, lippety, when he saw the whale and the elephant talking together. Little Brother Rabbit crouched down and listened to what they were saying. This was what he heard :

“ You are the biggest thing on the land, Brother Elephant,” said the whale, “ and I am the biggest thing in the sea ; if we join together, we can rule all the animals in the world, and have our own way about everything.”

“ Very good, very good,” said the elephant. “ That suits me ; we will do it.”

Little Brother Rabbit laughed to himself.

“ They will not fool me,” he said. He ran away and got a very long, very strong rope, and he got his big drum, and hid the drum a long way off in the bushes. Then he went along the beach until he came to the whale.

“ Oh, please, dear, strong Mr. Whale,” he said,

"will you have the great kindness to help me? My cow is stuck in the mud a quarter of a mile from here, and I cannot pull her out. But you are so strong, and so obliging, that I am sure that you will do it for me."

The whale was so pleased with the compliment that he said "Yes," at once.

"Then," said the rabbit, "I will tie this end of my long rope to you and I will run away and tie the other end to my cow, and when I am ready I will beat my big drum. When you hear that, pull very, very hard, for the cow is stuck deep in the mud."

"Huh!" grunted the whale, "I will pull her out if she is in the mud to her horns."

Little Brother Rabbit tied the rope end to the whale and ran off lippety, lippety, till he came to the place where the elephant was.

"Oh, please, kind and mighty Elephant," he said, making a very low bow, "will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked the elephant.

"My cow is stuck in the mud about a quarter

of a mile from here," said little Brother Rabbit, "and I cannot pull her out. Of course you could, if you would be so very obliging as to help me."

"Certainly," said the elephant, grandly, "certainly."

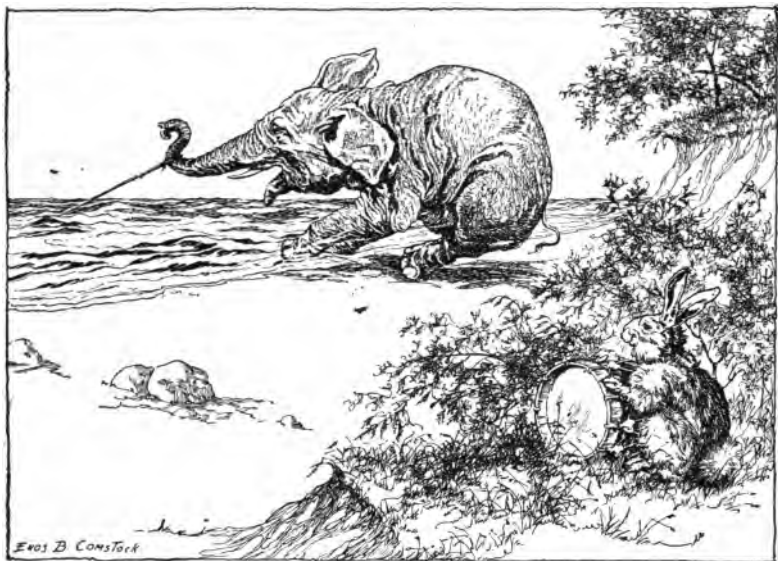
"Then," said little Brother Rabbit, "I will tie one end of this long rope to your trunk, and the other to my cow, and as soon as I have tied her tight I will beat my big drum. When you hear that, pull! pull as hard as you can! for my cow is very heavy."

"Never fear," said the elephant, "I can pull twenty cows."

"I am sure you can," said the rabbit, politely; "only be sure to begin gently, and pull harder and harder till you get her."

Then he tied the end of the rope tight around the elephant's trunk, and ran away into the bushes. Then he sat down and beat the drum.

The whale began to pull, and the elephant began to pull, and in a second the rope was so tight that you could hear it creak.



"This is a very heavy cow," said the elephant, "but I will pull her out!" And he braced his forefeet in the earth, and gave a great strong pull.

"Dear me," said the whale. "That cow must be stuck very fast"; and he drove his tail deep in the water, and gave a whale's pull.

He pulled harder; the elephant pulled harder.

Pretty soon the whale found himself near the land. The reason was, of course, that the elephant had something solid to brace himself

against, and, as fast as he pulled the rope in a little, he took a turn with it round his trunk.

But when the whale found himself sliding toward the land, he was so angry with the cow that he dived, head first, down to the bottom of the sea. That *was* a pull! The elephant was jerked off his feet and came slipping and sliding to the beach and into the surf. He was very, very angry. He braced himself with all his might and pulled his best. As he pulled, up came the whale out of the water.

“Who is pulling me?” spouted the whale.

“Who is pulling me?” trumpeted the elephant.

And each saw the rope in the other’s grasp.

“I will teach you to play cow!” roared the elephant.

“I will teach you not to fool me!” spouted the whale.

And they began to pull again. But this time the rope broke; the whale lay down on the bottom of the sea, and the elephant fell over on his back.

Then they were so angry that neither would

Speak to the other. So that broke up the bargain between them.

And little Brother Rabbit sat in the bushes and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly as soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.
Have you somewhat to do to-morrow, do it to-day.

A word to the wise is enough.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE OX THAT WON A WAGER

I. "DRAG 'EM ALONG, YOU WRETCH!"

There was once a man of India who had an ox, named Nandi, of which he was very fond. His master had owned Nandi ever since he was a calf; he had fed him on gruel and rice and had given him the best of care.

By this means the ox had grown very strong. Not even his master knew how strong he was; but Nandi knew.

Now Nandi was grateful to his master for all his kindness to him and wished to do him a kindness in return. So he said to himself: "My master has always given me the best of care; and there is no other ox in all India that can drag the weight I can. What if I were to use my great strength in his service! Perhaps I can earn money for him and so make some return for all he has done for me."

So he said one day: "Master, I am stronger than any one knows. Why don't you let me help you with my strength? Why not make a

wager with some rich farmer that I can draw a hundred loaded carts?"

The master went to a rich farmer, and began talking about this and that and by and by asked him, "Who do you think has the strongest oxen around here?"

"Well, I think so and so's oxen are very strong," said the farmer; "but of course, there are none in the whole countryside to touch my own!"

"I have one ox," said the other, "who is good to move a hundred carts, loads and all!"

"Tush!" said the farmer. "Where in the world is such an ox?"

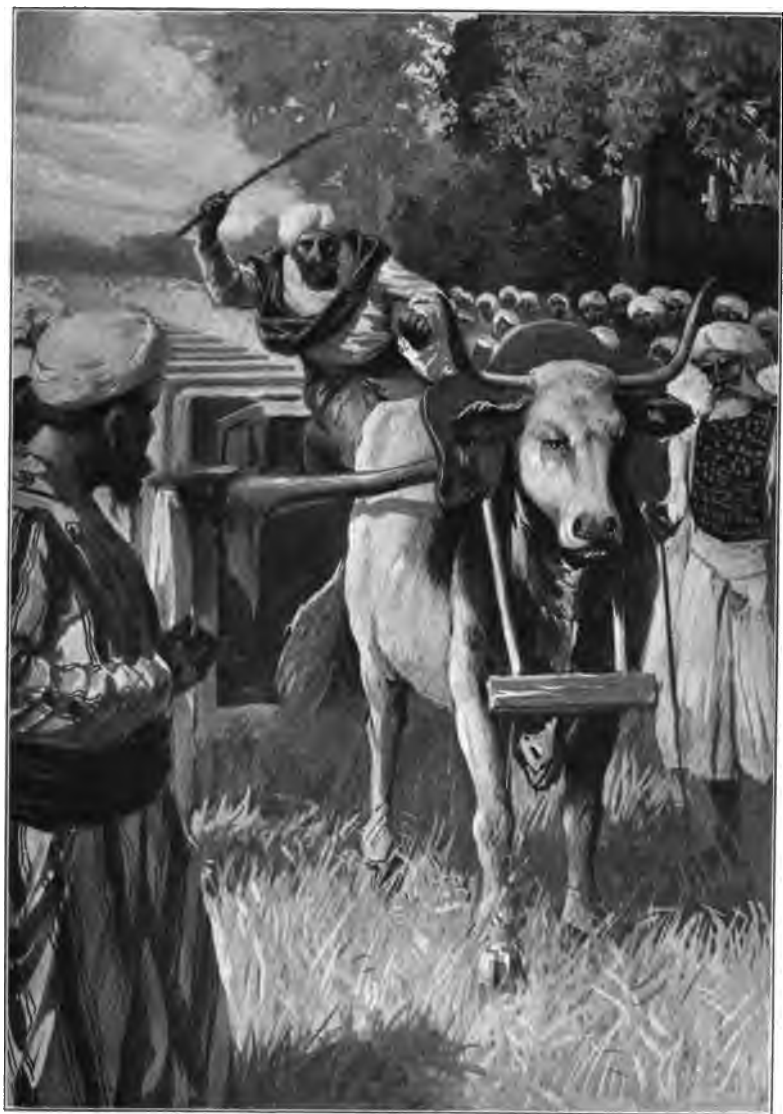
"Right in my house!" said Nandi's master.

"I don't believe there's any such ox in your house or in the world. I'll wager a thousand pieces of money your ox can't do it."

"Done!" said the other.

And straightway he went and bathed Nandi, and fed him a measure of scented rice, and hung a garland around his neck.

And he had a hundred carts filled with sand



"DRAG 'EM ALONG, YOU WRETCH!"

and gravel and stones, placed in a row, and tied firmly together.

The whole village came out to see the sight.

Then Nandi was yoked to the front cart. His master took his seat on the pole, raised his goad aloft, and called out: "Gee up! you brute! Drag 'em along, you wretch!" And he beat Nandi with the goad.

But Nandi said to himself: "He beats me and calls me a wretch. I am no wretch!" And keeping his four legs as firm as so many posts, he stood perfectly still.

Then the farmer said, "I win," and took the thousand pieces. And the other took out his ox, went home to his house, and lay down overwhelmed with grief.

II. "GEE UP! MY BEAUTY!"

Presently Nandi came up and saw his master lying there, and said to him: "What, Master! Are you asleep?"

"Asleep! How can I sleep after losing my thousand pieces?"

"Master, I have lived many years in your house, and have I ever broken any pots, or done any damage?"

"Never, my dear!"

"Then why did you call me a wretch? Why did you beat me? When I heard you call me wretch and felt the blows of the goad, it seemed as if all my strength left me. I could not have drawn a single cart. To-morrow I will draw the hundred carts; but you must not beat me or call me wretch, who am no wretch at all!"

So on the morrow, Nandi's master went to the farmer and said, "I will wager two thousand pieces that my ox can pull the hundred carts."

"Done!" said the farmer.

The carts were tied together as before, and Nandi was yoked to the foremost cart.

Then the master seated himself on the pole, stroked Nandi on the back, and called out: "Gee up! my beauty! Drag it along, my beauty!"

And Nandi, with one mighty effort, dragged forward the hundred heavy carts, till the hindmost stood where the foremost had been.

Then the rich farmer said: "Never have I seen so strong an ox. Where is his equal in all the world?" And he handed over the two thousand pieces. The bystanders, too, presented Nandi with a large sum, and the whole became the property of his master.

Thus did Nandi show his gratitude and teach his master the power of kind words.

Jataka Tales.

CROCUS

O, the dear, delightful sound
Of the drops that to the ground
From the eaves rejoicing run
In the February sun!
Drip, drip, drip, they slide and slip
From the icicle's bright tip,
Till they melt the sullen snow
On the garden bed below.
"Bless me! What is all this drumming?"
Cries the crocus, "I am coming!"

CELIA THAXTER.



FLYING KITES

I often sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze and go
Whatever way it chanced to blow.
Then I could look beyond the town
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail
Like me before the merry gale,
Until at last with them I came
To some place with a foreign name.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE KID AND THE WOLF

A kid, standing on the top of a house, saw a wolf down on the ground, and began to call him hard names.

“You’re an old thief, that’s what you are,” said the kid. “And worse than that, you are a murderer.”

“You think you’re mighty brave, up there on the roof,” said the wolf; “but it isn’t you that’s calling me names; it’s the roof.”

Æsop's Fables.

FOUR SWEET MONTHS

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before:
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

ROBERT HERRICK.



THREE BUGS

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all;
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;

So they all three fell to quarreling,
The white, the black, and the gold ;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold !

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew !

And so there was war in the basket.
Ah, pity 't is, 't is true !
But he that was frozen and starved at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them too !

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,
The white and the black and the gold ;
And share what comes of the beds and the crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

ALICE CARY.

THE TEN FAIRIES

I. THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO WORK

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl whose name was Elsa.

Elsa's father and mother worked very hard and became rich.

But they loved Elsa so much that they did not like to have her do any work; very foolishly they let her play all the time.

So when Elsa grew up, she did not know how to do anything; she could not make bread, she could not sweep a room, she could not sew a seam; she could only laugh and sing.

But she was so sweet and merry that everybody loved her.

And by and by she married one of the people who loved her, and had a house of her own to take care of.

Then, then, my dears, came hard times for Elsa! There were so many things to be done in the house, and she did not know how to do any of them! And because she had never worked at all,

it made her very tired even to try; she was tired before the morning was over, every day.

The maid would come and say, "How shall I do this?" or "How shall I do that?" And Elsa would say, "I don't know."

Then the maid would pretend that she did not know either; and when she saw her mistress sitting about doing nothing, she too sat idle.

Elsa's husband had a hard time of it; he did not have good things to eat, and they were not ready at the right time, and the house looked all in a clutter.

It made him sad, and that made Elsa sad, for she wanted to do everything just right.

At last, one day Elsa's husband went away quite cross; he said to her as he went out the door, "It is no wonder that the house looks so, when you sit all day with your hands in your lap!"

Little Elsa cried bitterly when he was gone, for she did not want to make her husband unhappy and cross, and she wanted the house to look nice.

"Oh dear," she sobbed: "I wish I could do things right! I wish I could work! I wish —

I wish I had ten good fairies to work for me!
Then I could keep house!"

II. A FAIRY IN EVERY FINGER

As she said the words, a great, gray man stood before her; he was wrapped in a strange gray cloak that covered him from head to foot; and he smiled at Elsa.

"What is the matter, dear?" he said, "why do you cry?"

"Oh I am crying because I don't know how to keep house," said Elsa. "I can not make bread, I can not sweep, I can not sew a seam. When I was a little girl I never learned to work, and now I can not do anything right. I wish I had ten good fairies to help me!"

"You shall have them, dear," said the gray man, and he shook his strange gray cloak. Pouf! Out hopped ten tiny fairies, no bigger than that!

"These shall be your servants, Elsa," said the gray man; "they are faithful and clever, and they will do everything you want them to do, just right.

“But the neighbors might stare and ask questions if they saw these little chaps running about your house, so I will hide them away for you. Give me your little useless hands.”

Wondering, Elsa stretched out her pretty little white hands.

“Now stretch out your little useless fingers, dear!”

Elsa stretched out her pretty pink fingers.

The gray man touched each one of the ten little fingers, and as he touched them he said their names:

“Little thumb; forefinger; thimble finger; ring finger; little finger; little thumb; forefinger; thimble finger; ring finger; little finger!”

And as he named the fingers, one after another, the tiny fairies bowed their tiny heads; there was a fairy for each name.

“Hop! hide yourselves away!” said the gray man.

Hop, hop, the fairies sprang to Elsa’s knee, then to the palms of her hands, and then — whisk! they were all hidden away in her little pink fingers,

a fairy in every finger! And the gray man was gone.

III. HOUSEKEEPING WITH ELEVEN SERVANTS

Elsa sat and looked with wonder at her little white hands and the ten useless fingers.

But suddenly the little fingers began to stir. The tiny fairies who were hidden away there weren't used to being still, and they were getting restless.

They stirred so that Elsa jumped up, and ran to the cooking table, and took hold of the bread board.

No sooner had she touched the bread board than the little fairies began to work. They measured the flour, mixed the dough, kneaded the loaves, and set them to rise, quicker than you could wink; and when the bread was done, it was as nice as you could wish.

Then the little fairy fingers seized the broom, and in a twinkling they were making the house clean.

And so it went, all day.

Elsa flew about from one thing to another, and the ten fairies did it all, just right.

When the maid saw her mistress working, she began to work, too; and when she saw how beautifully everything was done, she was ashamed to do anything badly herself.

In a little while the housework was going smoothly, and Elsa could laugh and sing again.

There was no more crossness in that house. Elsa's husband grew so proud of her that he went about saying to everybody:

"My grandmother was a fine housekeeper, and my mother was a fine housekeeper, but neither of them could hold a candle to my wife.

"She has only one maid, but to see the work done, you would think she had as many servants as she has fingers on her hands!"

When Elsa heard that, she used to laugh, for she knew well enough that that was just what she *did* have.

CINDERELLA OF THE WIGWAMS

I. LITTLE SCAR FACE

Long, long ago when the world was new, there was an Indian village by the side of a lake. At the end of the village, near the bushes, there was a wigwam in which an old man dwelt with his three daughters. The two elder daughters were grown young women, but the youngest was only sixteen or seventeen years old and not very large for her age.

The elder sisters, who were idle and ill-tempered, made the youngest do all the work. They were very unkind to her, giving her many cross words, and only bones and scraps to eat; and when they were angry they threw ashes and hot coals in her face. In this way her hair was burnt short and her face covered with scars. And so the villagers called her "Little Scar Face."

Her father did not know how badly his elder daughters treated Little Scar Face for he went out to hunt every morning and was gone all day. In the evening when he came home, he

would sometimes say to his youngest daughter, "Why is it that your hair is so burnt and your face so scorched and scarred?"

But before Little Scar Face could answer, her elder sisters would say: "Father, it is because she is so naughty and disobedient. We tell her not to go near the fire, but she will not obey us, and sometimes, while she is playing with the fire, she falls down with her face in the hot ashes. That is why her hair is burnt off and her face so scorched and scarred."

Poor Little Scar Face did not dare to tell her father the truth for fear her elder sisters would beat her; so she said nothing.

II. THE GREAT TEAM

In a beautiful wigwam at the other end of the village there dwelt a young warrior who was called Team, which means "The Moose." He had no kinsfolk except a sister who kept house for him. She was very neat and always dressed in clothes made of beautiful white deer skin; so she was called the "White Maiden."



LITTLE SCAR FACE AND HER CRUEL SISTERS

Now Team was a very wonderful person. He was invisible; at least no one had ever seen him. The villagers could hear his footsteps as he passed by and see his tracks in the snow, but Team himself they never saw. They could hear his voice and could speak to him, but no one knew how he was dressed or whether he was tall or short, handsome or ugly.

One day the White Maiden summoned all the other maidens of the village to the Council House. When they had all assembled and were seated in a great circle round the council room, she said to them: "My brother Team wishes to marry. He is young and, as you know, very rich. He will marry no one who cannot see him. No one can see him except a maiden who is both gentle and good. Therefore, if any of you can see him, her he will have for his wife."

The village maidens were glad when they heard that Team was to take a wife. They knew that he was a great hunter and very rich, and each one in her heart had long wished to have him for her husband. So every evening

at sunset some of the maidens went down to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden always invited them in and they would sit and watch by the wigwam fire for her brother's return.

By and by, they would hear footsteps. Then the door would open and some one would enter, but the maidens could never see any one.

III. THE CRUEL SISTERS PRETEND TO SEE TEAM

One day in winter when the first snow lay on the ground, Little Scar Face's eldest sister said: "Bring me my shell beads and my moccasins. I am going to marry Team." Little Scar Face brought the beads and the moccasins and helped her sister put them on. In the evening, just before sunset, the eldest sister went to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden invited her to come inside.

By and by they heard footsteps outside of the wigwam. There was a sound as if some one was drawing a sledge through the snow. The White Maiden led her visitor to the door and said to her, "Can you see my brother?"

"Yes," she answered, "I can see him very well."

"Then tell me," said the White Maiden, "what is his sledge string made of?"

The other answered, "It is made of moose skin."

This made the White Maiden angry. "No," she cried, "it is not made of moose skin. You have not seen my brother. You must go away." And she drove her out of the wigwam.

The next day Little Scar Face's second sister said to her: "Little Scar Face, bring me my shell beads and my moccasins. I am going to marry Team."

Little Scar Face brought the beads and the moccasins and helped her sister to put them on. In the evening the second sister went to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden invited her in. By and by, she too heard footsteps. The White Maiden said to her, "Can you see my brother?"

"O yes," she replied, "I can see him very well."

"Tell me then," said the White Maiden, "what is his sledge string made of?"

"It is made of deer skin," replied the other.

At this the White Maiden became angry again. "No," she cried, "it is not made of deer skin. You are not gentle and good. You have not seen my brother. You too must go away." And she drove the second sister out of the wigwam.

IV. LITTLE SCAR FACE GOES TO TEAM'S WIGWAM

The next morning Little Scar Face worked very hard. She set the wigwam in order, scoured the kettle, and brought in a great pile of wood for the fire.

When her work was done she said to her two sisters: "Elder sisters, lend me your shell beads and a pair of moccasins. I too am going to Team's wigwam."

But her sisters would not lend her anything. They only laughed and mocked at her. "The idea of *you* going to Team's wigwam!" said they. "Why, with your singed hair and your scarred face the White Maiden will not even speak to you."

But Little Scar Face paid no attention to what they said. She found an old pair of moccasins that had been thrown away. They were dry,

and hard, and dirty, and besides they were too big for her. But she washed and soaked them in water until they were soft. Then she made herself a dress out of birch bark, which she sewed together very neatly. Then putting on her queer dress and her old moccasins, she started for Team's wigwam. She looked very queer and ugly with her strange clothes, her singed hair, and her scarred face; and everyone laughed who saw her, and the children ran after her, calling out:

“O, ho! look at Little Scar Face.

“O, ho! look at Little Scar Face.

“See her birch-bark dress and her old moccasins.”

Even the dogs barked at her. But she gave no heed and went on until she came to Team's wigwam.

V. SHE SEES TEAM AND IS BATHED IN THE MAGIC WATER

The White Maiden, who was standing at the door, spoke kindly to her. “Come in,” said she, “come into the wigwam and sit down.”

Little Scar Face went in and sat down. By and by she heard footsteps. Then the White Maiden led her to the door and said, "Little Scar Face, can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him," replied Little Scar Face, "and I am afraid, for he is very wonderful."

"Then tell me," said the White Maiden, "what his sledge string is made of."

"How wonderful!" replied Little Scar Face, "his sledge string is the rainbow."

When Team heard this he smiled and said to the White Maiden, "Sister, bathe Little Scar Face's face and hair in the magic water." And when Little Scar Face was bathed, a wonderful thing happened. All the scars and burns faded away from her face. Her hair became long, and black, and fine, and her eyes shone like bright stars.

Then Team took Little Scar Face by the hand and led her to the wife's seat beside the door of the wigwam.

So it was Little Scar Face who became the wife of the great Team and they lived happily together for many years.

Indian Legend.

THE ELEPHANT GIRLY-FACE

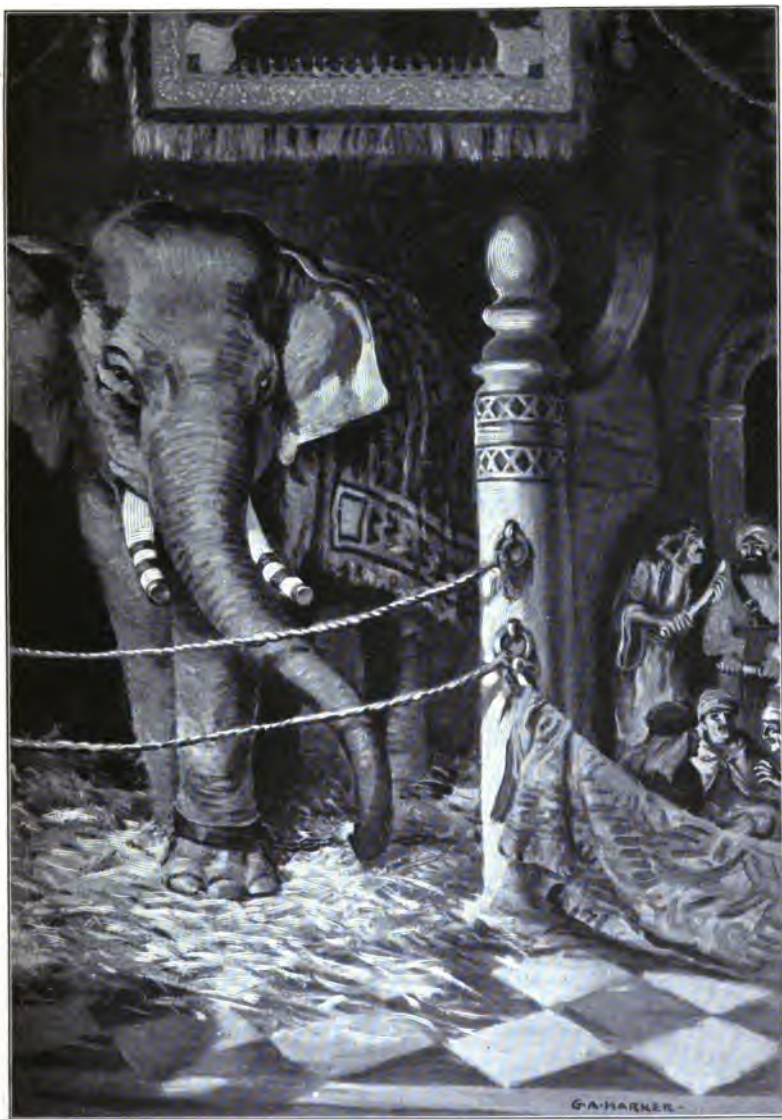
Once upon a time a king had an elephant named Girly-face, who was always gentle and kind and would never hurt anyone.

Now it happened that right next to the kind elephant's stall there was a robbers' den. Night after night Girly-face could hear them talking and planning their robberies.

"I'll tell you how to be a burglar," one of the robbers would say. "You first dig a tunnel. Through it you get into the house and bring out the things. If anyone tries to stop you, kill him. A robber mustn't be a 'softy.' He must be pitiless and cruel. It doesn't pay to be good. A good man never makes a good robber."

Girly-face listened to this talk night after night. Then he said to himself: "I'm not going to be a 'softy' any longer. I will be cruel and pitiless. It doesn't pay to be good."

So early in the morning when his keeper came, he seized the poor man with his trunk and dashed him to the ground, killing him.



THE ELEPHANT AND THE ROBBERS

Another keeper ran to see what the trouble was, and Girly-face killed him, too. And so he treated everyone who came near him.

This went on for many days. Then they told the king that Girly-face had become a "rogue elephant." And the king sent one of his wise men to find out the reason why this good elephant had all at once become a rogue.

The wise man looked the elephant over carefully and could find nothing the matter with his body. So he said to himself: "The trouble must be with his mind. He does not seem to have eaten anything harmful; perhaps he has been listening to something harmful."

So he called the keepers. "Have there been any bad men talking about here?" he asked.

"Yes," replied one of the keepers, "there used to be a robbers' den right next to Girly-face's stall. The robbers met there night after night to talk over their plans. We heard them and finally told the police."

So the wise man went back and told the king. "The elephant is sound in body," said he, "but

not right in his mind. He has been listening to bad talk. That is why he has become a rogue."

"What do you advise?" asked the king.

"I think that if you will see that Girly-face listens to good talk, he will be cured."

So the king sent good men to sit near the elephant's stall. Day after day they talked of gentleness, goodness, and mercy.

And when the elephant heard them talk of gentleness, goodness, and mercy, he said: "That is good talk. I will be gentle, good, and merciful." And from that time forth Girly-face was as he had been before, gentle, and kind, and good.

Jataka Tales.

THE LOST CAMEL

A dervish was traveling alone in the desert, when he met two merchants.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" asked the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

“Had he lost a front tooth?” asked the dervish.

“He had,” answered the merchants.

“And was he not laden with honey on one side, and with corn on the other?”

“Most certainly he was,” they rejoined. “And as you have seen him so lately, you can of course lead us to him.”

“My friends,” the dervish said, “I have never seen your camel, nor have I heard of him, except through yourselves.”

“A pretty story, truly,” cried the merchants. “You must have seen him! And where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?”

“I have never seen your camel nor your jewels,” repeated the dervish.

Upon this they seized him and took him to the judge; but nothing could be found against him. Nothing was found to prove him guilty of either falsehood or theft.

“He is a magician!” exclaimed the merchants. But the dervish calmly said to the judge:

“I see that you are surprised and that you

believe that I am deceiving you. Perhaps I have given you cause for such belief.

“I have lived long and alone, but I have learned to see and to think, even in a desert.

“I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw its footprints, but no trace of a human being.

“I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the grass only on one side of the path. And I knew that it was lame in one leg, because one foot had made but a faint impression upon the sand.

“I concluded also that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage in the center of its bite was left untouched. I knew that which formed the burden of the beast, for the busy ants told me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other.”

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CATCHING A THIEF

A poor French peasant was once robbed of his much-loved horse. Knowing of a horse fair a few miles away, the man went there in the hope of catching the thief and recovering his horse.

While walking about the fair grounds, looking at the various horses, he saw his own horse among the others. Stepping up to the man who was standing by the animal, he said: "That is not your horse. He is mine and was stolen from me three days ago."

"You have made a mistake," said the other. "I have owned him for over three years."

"I doubt that very much," said the peasant. "But let us see," he added, covering the horse's eyes with his two hands. "Can you tell me in which eye he is blind?"

Meanwhile a crowd had gathered. The man saw that he must make up his mind at once. "It is blind in the left eye," said he hastily. Thereupon the peasant removed his hand from that eye and the bystanders saw that it was clear and bright.

The other man, seeing that he had said the wrong thing, called out that he had meant the right eye. Upon which the peasant took away his other hand, announcing that the horse was not blind in either eye. Then he remarked to the people around them: "You see now that this is my horse and not his. This man is a thief and a liar."

Being thus accused, the guilty man tried to escape. But the people caught him and took him before the judge, who ordered that the horse be returned to his rightful owner and the thief sent to prison.

HANS IN LUCK

I. A LUMP OF GOLD FOR A HORSE

Hans had served his master seven years, and at the end of that time, he said to him: "Master, my time is up; now I should like to go home to my mother, so give me my wages, if you please."

His master answered: "You have served me faithfully and well, and as the service has been, so shall the wages be;" and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped the lump in it, slung it over his shoulder, and set out on the way home.

As he went lazily along, dragging one foot after the other, a horseman came in sight, trotting gayly and briskly on a fine horse.

"Ah," said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing riding is! There you sit as comfortable as in a chair, you stumble over no stones, you save your shoes, and you get over the ground you hardly know how."

The horseman, overhearing him, stopped and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot, then?"

"I can't help it," answered Hans, "for I have this bundle to carry home. It is gold, to be sure, but I cannot hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder, too."

"I will tell you what," said the horseman, "we will exchange. I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but beforehand I tell you that you are taking a good heavy load on yourself."

The horseman got down, took the gold, and helped Hans up. As he put the bridle into his hand, he said, "Now, when you want to go very fast, you must click your tongue and cry, 'Gee up! gee up!'"

II. A HORSE FOR A COW

Hans was delighted when he found himself sitting on a horse and riding along so merrily. But before long he wanted to go faster; so he clicked his tongue and cried, "Gee up! gee up!"

Away went the horse at a gallop, and before Hans knew what he was about, off he went into a ditch by the highroad. The horse would have run away if it had not been stopped by a farmer who was coming by, driving a cow. Hans felt himself all over, and picked himself up. He was not in a very good humor.

"This riding on horseback is no joke, I can tell you," said he to the farmer; "especially when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and throws him off. It is a wonder my neck is not broken. Never again will I ride that animal!"

“Now I like your cow a great deal better; you can walk quietly along behind her, and you have her milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I not give for such a cow!”

“Well,” said the farmer, “if it would give you as much pleasure as all that, I don’t mind exchanging the cow for the horse.”

Hans agreed to this with the greatest delight, and the farmer swinging himself upon the horse, rode off in a hurry.

III. A COW FOR A PIG

Hans drove his cow peacefully before him, and thought over his lucky bargain.

“If I only have a bit of bread — and I hope never to be without that — I can have butter and cheese with it as often as I like; if I am thirsty, I have only to milk my cow and drink the milk. What more could heart desire?”

When he came to an inn he made a halt, and ate up all the bread he had brought with him for dinner and supper, and spent his last two farthings for a glass of something to drink with it.



HANS IN LUCK

Then he drove his cow towards his mother's village.

As the middle of the day drew near, Hans found himself very hot and thirsty, so much so that his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

"This is easily remedied," thought Hans; "I will milk the cow and quench my thirst."

So he tied her to a tree, and as he had no pail, he put his leather cap under her; but try as hard as he could, not a drop of milk came. He was very awkward about it, and at last the uneasy beast gave him such a kick on the head that he tumbled over on the ground, and was so dazed that for a long time he could not think where he was.

Luckily a butcher came along soon, wheeling a pig in a wheelbarrow.

"What's the matter here?" he cried, as he helped Hans up.

Hans told him what had happened. The butcher handed him his flask and said:

"There, take a drink; it will do you good. No wonder you got no milk from that cow; she is an old beast and only fit for the butcher."

"That's a good idea," said Hans; "why didn't I think of it before? I can kill the beast and have the meat. But I do not care much for cow-beef, — it isn't juicy enough. If it were only a young pig like yours, how good it would taste! Think of the sausages it would make!"

"Come, Hans," said the butcher, "you're a fine lad; out of love for you I will exchange and let you have the pig for the cow."

"May heaven reward you for your kindness," said Hans, handing over the cow, while the butcher put into his hands the string with which the pig was tied.

IV. A PIG FOR A GOOSE

Hans went on again, thinking how everything was turning out just to his liking. "Whenever I meet with bad luck," said he, "it always changes to good luck."

Presently a lad overtook him who was carrying a fine white goose in his arm. They said good morning to each other, and then Hans began at once to tell of his good luck, and how he always

made such good bargains. The lad told him that he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

“Just lift it,” said he to Hans, holding it up by the wings, “and feel how heavy it is; it has been fattened up for the last eight weeks. Whoever gets a taste of it when it is roasted will get a rare bit.”

“Yes,” said Hans, weighing it in one hand, “it is a good weight, but my pig is no trifle either.”

Meanwhile the lad kept looking suspiciously at the pig.

“Look here,” he began, “are you sure that the pig belongs to you? In the village I have just come from, the squire has had one stolen out of his sty. As soon as I saw you I said to myself, ‘I believe he has the squire’s pig!’ They are out looking for it now. It will be bad for you if they catch you; the least they would do is to put you in the lockup.”

Honest Hans was very much frightened.

“Alas!” he said, “help me out of this trouble! You are more at home in this country than I; take my pig and let me have your goose.”

"I shall run some risk if I do," answered the lad, "but I will do all I can to get you out of your trouble."

So he took the cord in his hand and drove the pig quickly away by a side path.

V. A GOOSE FOR A GRINDSTONE

Honest Hans gayly plodded along toward home with the goose under his arm. "When I really come to think it over," he said to himself, "I have even gained by this exchange: first, there is the good roast; then the quantity of fat that will drip out of it in roasting will keep us in goose fat to eat on our bread for a quarter of a year; and last of all there are the fine white feathers, with which I will stuff my pillow, and then I warrant I shall sleep like a top. How delighted my mother will be."

As he was going through the last village he came to a knife grinder with his wheel, working away and singing:

"Scissors and knives I quickly grind,
While my coat flies out in the wind behind."

Hans stopped to watch him and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work."

"Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade. A good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it. But where did you buy that goose?"

"I did not buy it, but took it in exchange for my pig."

"And the pig?"

"That I got for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"I gave a horse for it."

"And the horse?"

"For that I gave a big lump of gold."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wages for seven long years of work."

"You have certainly known how to look after yourself each time," said the grinder. "If you can only get on so far as to hear the money jingle in your pockets whenever you stand up, your fortune will be made."

“How shall I manage that?” said Hans.

“You must become a grinder like me; nothing is needed for it but a grindstone, — the rest will come of itself. I have one here; it is a little the worse for wear, to be sure, but you need not give me anything for it but your goose. Will you do it?”

“How can you ask?” said Hans. “Why, I shall be the luckiest man in the world. If I have money every time I put my hand in my pocket, what more could I want?”

So he handed him the goose and took the grindstone in exchange.

“Now,” said the grinder, picking up an ordinary big stone that lay by the road, “here is another good stone into the bargain. You can hammer out all your old nails on it and straighten them. Take it with you and keep it carefully.”

VI. THE LUCKIEST BOY ALIVE

Hans shouldered the stones and walked on with a light heart, his eyes shining with joy. “I must have been born under a lucky star,” he ex-

claimed, "everything happens to me just as I should like."

Meanwhile, as he had been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel tired. He was hungry, too, for in his joy in the bargain by which he had got the cow, he had eaten up all his store of food at once, and he had had none since. At last he felt quite unable to go farther, and was forced to rest every minute or two. Besides, the stones weighed him down dreadfully. He could not help thinking how nice it would be if he did not have to carry them any farther.

He dragged himself slowly over to a pool in the field, meaning to rest and refresh himself with a draft of cold water. Having carefully laid the stones down on the edge of the pool, he was stooping over to drink, when by accident he gave them a little shove, which sent them plump into the water.

When Hans saw them sinking to the bottom he jumped for joy, then fell upon his knees and thanked heaven, with tears in his eyes, for having shown him this further favor and freed him from

the heavy stones. "They were the only troubles I had in the world," cried he, "and now I am rid of them without having had to throw them away. How happy I am. I am the luckiest boy alive!"

Then with a light heart, and free from every burden, he ran on until he reached his mother's home.

GRIMM.

THE SNOWDROP

Many, many welcomes,
February, fair maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes,
February, fair maid.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



WHAT THE BEAR WHISPERED

Two men were traveling together along a lonely road and talking of what they would do if they should be attacked by robbers or by wild beasts.

"Never fear," said one of them, "I'll stay by you, and there will be no danger." These words were hardly out of his mouth, when a great bear ran out of a thicket; and the man who had spoken, being nimble and lightly built, climbed up into a tree.

His friend, being thus left to meet the bear

alone, fell on his face on the ground and lay quite still. The bear came up, smelt him, and went away. Then the boastful one came down from the tree, laughing.

“What did the bear whisper in your ear? You seemed like old friends.”

“Oh,” the other answered, “he told me never to trust the word of a coward, or of a boaster.”

LA FONTAINE.

THE QUARREL OF THE MEMBERS

Once the members of the body got the idea that they were being treated unfairly. It seemed to them that they were doing all the work while the stomach was getting all the food. So they held a meeting to talk it over.

The head spoke first. “You see, my friends,” said he, “how hard each of us has to work, and how much of our work goes to supply the stomach with food. But who ever saw him work for us? I don’t believe the lazy old creature ever did a stroke of work in his life. I propose that we go on a strike until he consents to do his share.”

The members discussed the matter. The hands called the stomach "very grasping." The legs and feet said it was time to "take a firm stand." The eyes thought that the members had been "blind to their own interests" too long. The teeth ground themselves with rage, while the tongue said a great many things it would not have been pleasant for the stomach to hear.

So they all struck work. For one whole day the hands were idle. The legs refused to carry the stomach to dinner; the arms refused to reach for food; the mouth refused to open; the teeth to chew; and the throat to swallow.

But by the end of the day they were all feeling so weak and sick that they went back to work without a word.

Then the head, after thinking it all over, decided that he ought to have known better. "I see now," said he, "that the stomach is as necessary to us as we are to him. We must all work together or we shall none of us be able to work at all."

Æsop's Fables.

THE FIREFLY

AN EVENING SONG OF INDIAN CHILDREN

Firefly, firefly! bright little thing,
Light me to bed, and my song I will sing;
Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed.

Give me your light, o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep;
Come, little firefly—come, little beast—
Come! and I'll make you to-morrow a feast.

Come, little candle that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy bug, night's little king;
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along;
Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song.

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.



PINOCCHIO

I. GEPPETTO MEETS THE FAIRY WITH BLUE HAIR

Once upon a time in far off sunny Italy, there lived a wood carver whose name was Geppetto. He loved his work and was very skillful in the carving of wooden toys, dolls, and marionettes. Yet he was very poor. This was because he was old and feeble, and besides, wood fit for carving was getting very scarce.

One morning as old Geppetto lay upon his

bed, a wonderful plan came into his mind. "I will carve another marionette," said he to himself. "It shall not be a common marionette; no, it shall be a very uncommon one. It shall be able to walk, jump, and dance. Perhaps I may even make him sing.

"When he is finished, I will take him to the theaters for marionettes and all the little boys and girls will give money to see him perform. With him I will travel through the world and earn for myself a little bread."

So after breakfast Geppetto set off for the great forest to find a piece of timber fit for his purpose. For a long time he looked in vain. At last he began to fear that he would have to return without the wood for his wonderful marionette.

Now in that forest there lived a good fairy, who was known as the "Fairy with Blue Hair." All day she watched poor old Geppetto, and, seeing how sad he looked, she felt sorry for him. So she changed herself into the likeness of an old woman and sat down by the path where Geppetto would have to pass.

“Good sir,” she said, as Geppetto came near, “will you please help a poor woman?” and she held out her hands as if begging for alms.

“Good dame,” replied Geppetto, “I have nothing in the world to give you, except these poor crusts which I have brought for my dinner, but you are welcome to share them.”

So Geppetto sat down beside the fairy, and together they ate the poor crusts; and while eating they began to talk.

Geppetto told her about his wonderful plan and how he had failed to find the sort of wood he was looking for.

“Alas,” said he, “I fear I shall never carve my wonderful marionette.”

“Do not be discouraged,” said the fairy. “Come with me! I think I know where to find just what you need.”

Geppetto gladly followed her and they soon came to the place where a small log was leaning against a great rock.

“I think this will suit you,” said the fairy, pointing to the log. “Carry it home and carve

your marionette. When it is finished, you must call it Pinocchio; then you will see what you will see."

Great was Geppetto's joy as he looked at the little log; it was just what he had been seeking. He turned to thank the old woman, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"That is strange," said Geppetto to himself. Then, shouldering the piece of wood, he started for home.

Now this log was not a common piece of wood, as Geppetto was soon to find out. It had belonged in former times to a witch, who by her magic spells could turn it into a horse, a dog, a cat, or whatever else she had need of.

She was a mischievous old witch and had put some of her own mischief into the log. The Fairy with the Blue Hair knew this, but she also knew that the marionette, when finished, would be the most wonderful marionette in the world.



II. PINOCCHIO IS CARVED

As soon as Geppetto reached home, he set to work to make his marionette. He quickly made the forehead, then the hair, and then the eyes. After he had made the eyes, just imagine how surprised he was to see them gaze at him with a knowing look.

Geppetto, seeing himself looked at by two eyes of wood, said, "Why do you look at me so with your eyes of wood?" Of course there was no answer. How could the marionette answer when

it had no ears to hear with and no mouth to speak with?

The eyes just kept looking at him knowingly, and the left eye winked very saucily.

After finishing the eyes, Geppetto began to make the nose. As he was working, it suddenly began to grow; the more he cut it, the longer it grew. At last it became a very long, sharp, and saucy nose.

Then he made the mouth. The mouth was hardly finished when the marionette began to sing and laugh and make faces at Geppetto.

Geppetto was vexed. "Stop laughing, Pinocchio," said he. But it was like talking to the wall.

"Stop laughing, I tell you," he said again, in a loud voice, forgetting that the marionette had no ears. Of course Pinocchio paid no heed to him, but went on laughing and making faces.

Geppetto pretended not to see how saucy the marionette was and kept on with his work.

After the mouth, he made the chin, then the neck, then the shoulders, and then the body.

When the body was finished, he made the arms and hands. Hardly had he finished the hands, when he felt his wig being pulled off.

He turned quickly and what do you think he saw? His old yellow wig in the hands of Pinocchio!

"Give me back my wig at once," said the old man. But Pinocchio, instead of giving back the wig, put it on his own head, so that he was half smothered.

At this Geppetto looked very sad. "Bad little boy," he said, "you are not yet finished, and you already lack respect for your poor father. Bad, bad boy," and he wiped away a tear.

Of course Pinocchio paid no attention to what Geppetto said — he had no ears.

Geppetto, seizing the wig, pulled it away from Pinocchio and put it on his own head. As he did so, he noticed that the marionette was without ears. "It is all my fault," he said to himself; "I ought to have thought of his ears before. However, it is not too late yet; I will carve his ears at once." And so he did.

The old wood carver now made the legs and the feet of the marionette. Scarcely were they finished, when they began to kick poor Geppetto.

“Stop! stop!” cried Geppetto. Now, having ears to hear, Pinocchio stopped, but not until he had been told to do so three or four times.

Then Geppetto took the marionette in his arms and placed him on the ground, to make him walk. At first Pinocchio behaved as if his legs were asleep. He could scarcely move them.

Geppetto led him around the room for some time, showing him how to put one foot in front of the other.

Soon Pinocchio began to walk and then to run around the room, and seeing the door open, he jumped into the street and ran away.

III. THE TALKING CRICKET

Poor old Geppetto ran after him as fast as he could, but he was not able to catch up with the wooden boy.

Pinocchio ran like a frightened rabbit.

He made a noise with his wooden feet on the



hard road, like twenty pairs of little wooden shoes.

“Stop him! stop him!” cried Geppetto; but the people in the street, seeing a wooden boy running as fast as a rabbit, stopped to look at him, and laughed and laughed, till they almost split their sides.

At last, seeing trees on one side of the road, that naughty boy jumped the fence and ran into the woods.

Geppetto followed him into the woods, but he soon lost his way.

The wooden boy lost his way, too. But by chance he became turned around in the woods so that he soon ran back across the field and down the road, till he came to the little hut of the old wood carver.

Pinocchio was very tired with running, so he pushed open the door and went in.

Then he threw himself down on the floor to rest.

For some time everything was still. Then all at once he heard some one crying in the room:

“Cree! cree! cree!”

“Who is speaking to me?” said Pinocchio, quite frightened.

“It is I.”

The wooden boy turned around, and saw a large cricket walking up the wall.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“I am the talking cricket, and I have lived in this room for more than a hundred years.”

“Well,” said the wooden boy, “that may be; but this room is mine, and you must get out of it as quickly as ever you can.”

"I will not get out of here," said the cricket, "until I have told you several things that you ought to know."

"Tell them to me at once, and begone," said Pinocchio.

"Well," said the talking cricket, "the first thing I want to tell you is that naughty boys that run away from their homes, never get along well. Soon or late they will be sorry for their bad actions."

"You may talk that way if you wish," said the marionette, "but I don't care what you say; I will run away whenever it pleases me. To-morrow morning at the dawn of day, I mean to run away to the woods again. There I shall chase the butterflies, climb trees, and take the little birds out of their nests."

"Poor, stupid, wooden head," said the talking cricket; "do you not know that if you do that, you will become a donkey and everybody will make fun of you? You ought to mind your father, stay at home and learn a trade."

"Well," replied the marionette, "there is only

one trade in the world that I should like to work at, and I know that without learning.”

“And what trade may that be?” asked the cricket.

“The trade of eating, and sleeping, and having fun, and doing just as I please from morning till night.”

“Those that work at that trade,” said the talking cricket, “always come to some bad end. Most of them are hanged or put into prison.”

“Take care, cricket! take care!” said the wooden boy. “If you make me angry, you will be sorry.”

“Well,” said the cricket, “I am sorry for you now; you are nothing but a wooden boy, and what is worse, you have nothing but a wooden head.”

At those words, the wooden boy became very angry. He took a hammer from the bench and struck the poor little cricket on the head and killed him.

The cricket was dead, it was almost night, and Pinocchio became very lonesome.



IV. PINOCCHIO MEETS FIRE EATER

Pinocchio was so very lonesome that he went out of the cabin and ran down the road, until he came to the town. As he went along the street, he saw a sign which said, "Theater for Marionettes." "Ah," said he to himself, "I will go in there and see what they do." And so he did.

As soon as the boys and the girls in the theater saw Pinocchio, they began to laugh and shout. At this, the manager, whose name was Fire Eater,

came out and seeing a strange marionette, seized him and carried him to his room behind the stage.

Pinocchio was very much frightened and asked Fire Eater what he was going to do with him. "I am going," said Fire Eater, "to put you into the fire to help cook my supper. You will burn nicely."

"Oh, please, please do not do that," cried Pinocchio in great terror. He begged so earnestly that Fire Eater stopped just as he was going to throw him into the fire. It was none too soon, for Pinocchio's toes were badly singed.

After that, Fire Eater made Pinocchio tell him all about himself and his poor father. As he finished his story, he said: "Please, Mr. Fire Eater, let me go home. I will be a good boy and never run away any more. I am sorry I ran away at all."

Now Fire Eater looked very fierce, but really he was kind-hearted. "Very well," said he to Pinocchio, "I will let you go this time, and here are five gold pieces which you may take to your father. Now run along and be a good boy."



V. PINOCCHIO MEETS THE ASSASSINS

On his way home, Pinocchio met a Cat and a Fox. They found out that he had five gold pieces and coaxed him to go along with them to the inn, where they all three put up for the night.

During the night, the Cat and the Fox stole away from the inn, leaving Pinocchio to pay the bill, which cost him one of his gold pieces. Pinocchio then started for home. On his way, he had to pass through a great forest. There he

was chased by two black Coal Sacks with assassins inside of them.

After a while, the assassins caught Pinocchio and tried to get his money away from him. But he put the four pieces in his mouth and they could not get them out.

At last they put a rope around his neck and hanged him to a tree. "Soon," said they, "you will be dead, then we will come back and get the gold."

Now it happened that this was the very forest in which the Fairy with the Blue Hair lived. She saw what had happened and knew who Pinocchio was. So she sent one of her servants, who took him down and carried him into the fairy's dwelling.

VI. THE LIE THAT HAD A LONG NOSE

Pinocchio was not an ordinary marionette. On the contrary, he was quite extraordinary. Although made of wood, he could, as we have seen, talk, sing, walk, leap, and run.

But although he could do all these things and

many more, he had no judgment. He did not know when to say, "Yes, I will," and when to say, "No, I won't," and he often said, "I will," when he should have said, "I won't." In short, he did not know very clearly the difference between right and wrong.

As might have been expected, Pinocchio had many adventures. Many of these adventures were painful to him. If he had been a boy instead of a marionette, he might have learned valuable lessons. But, being only a marionette, he was slow to learn. And whatever he did learn, he very soon forgot.

We have seen how he ran away from his father almost as soon as he was carved; how Fire Eater was going to use him for fuel to cook his supper with, but changed his mind, and gave him instead five gold pieces to take to his father; how robbers cheated him out of one of his gold pieces and tried to take from him the other four by force; how he was hanged by assassins and left for dead, and was rescued by his good fairy.

Now, when the fairy had brought him back to

life with medicine which he did not want to take, she said :

“Now, Pinocchio, tell me how it happened that you fell into the hands of the assassins and what became of the five gold pieces.”

“Well, it happened in this way. The manager of the marionettes, Fire Eater, gave me five pieces of gold and said to me, ‘Take these to your poor papa.’

“I met on the road a Fox and a Cat, two very nice persons, who said to me, ‘Do you wish those pieces to become two thousand? Come with us and we will take you to the Field of Wonders.’

“I said, ‘Let us go’; and they said, ‘Let us stop at the Red Lobster Inn, and after midnight we will continue our journey.’

“So we stopped there, and had supper, and then I went to bed.

“When I awoke, I found that they had gone. I began to walk alone in the dark and I met two Coal Sacks with assassins inside who said to me, ‘Give us your money.’ I said, ‘I have none.’ I hid the gold pieces in my mouth.

“One of the assassins tried to make me open my mouth, but I ran away as fast as I could across the fields. I climbed a tree, but they set fire to it and forced me to take to my heels again.

“The assassins ran after me until they caught me. They hanged me to a tree and said: ‘Tomorrow we will come back, and then you will be dead and we can open your mouth. Then we will be able to get the gold that is hidden under your tongue.’”

“And where have you put the four pieces of gold now?” asked the fairy.

“I have lost them,” replied Pinocchio. But he told a lie, for he had them in his pocket.

Scarcely had he told this lie, when his nose, which was already long, grew two fingers longer.

“And where did you lose them?”

“In the forest.”

At this second lie, his nose grew still longer.

“If you have lost them in the forest, we will look for them, because all that is lost in my forest is always found again.”



“Oh, now I remember well,” replied Pinocchio, “the four pieces of money were swallowed when I took that medicine.”

At this third lie, his nose grew so long that poor Pinocchio could not turn himself round in the room. If he turned to one side, it struck the bed or the glass in the window; if he turned to the other side, it struck the walls or the door of the room; if he raised his head, he ran the risk of putting out one of the fairy's eyes.

And the fairy looked and laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the marionette, quite confused and also surprised because his nose had grown so long.

"I laugh at the foolish lies you have told."

"How do you know that I have told lies?"

"Lies, my boy, are known immediately, because there are two kinds: there are lies that have short legs and lies that have long noses. Yours seem to have long noses."

Pinocchio, not knowing where to hide himself for shame, tried to get out of the room, but he did not succeed. His nose had grown so large that he could not get through the door.

What do you think? The fairy let the marionette cry and weep for a good half hour because he could not go through the door on account of the length of his nose. She did this because she wished to teach him a lesson and show him how naughty he had been.

But when she saw him so disfigured, his eyes nearly out of his head with fright, she was moved to pity and struck her hands together. At

that signal, a hundred woodpeckers flew into the room and, placing themselves on Pinocchio's nose, pecked at it so hard that in a few minutes it was reduced to its usual size.

"How good you are, my fairy," said the marionette, drying his eyes, "and how I like you!"

"I like you too," replied the fairy, "and if you will remain with me, you shall be my little brother and I will be your sister."

"I will stay willingly, — but my poor papa!"

"I have thought of everything; your father has been told already, and before night he will be here."

"Truly?" cried Pinocchio, jumping with joy. "Then, my fairy, I should like to stay here forever."

FROM THE ITALIAN (*Adapted*).

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

God helps them that help themselves.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

FOR GOOD LUCK

Little Kings and Queens of May
If you want to be,
Every one of you, very good,
In this beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,
Where the little birds' heads get so turned with
delight
That some of them sing all night:
Whatever you pluck,
Leave some for good luck!

Picked from the stalk or pulled by the root,
From overhead or under foot,
Water-wonders of pond or brook —
Wherever you look,
And whatever you find,
Leave something behind:
Some for the Naiads,
Some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies and Pixies!

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

THE KING O' THE CATS

One winter's evening the sexton's wife was sitting by the fireside with her big black cat, Old Tom, on the other side, both half-asleep and waiting for the master to come home. They waited and they waited, but still he didn't come, till at last he came rushing in, calling out, "Who's Tommy Tildrum?" in such a wild way that both his wife and his cat stared at him to know what was the matter.

"Why, what's the matter?" said his wife, "and why do you want to know who Tommy Tildrum is?"

"Oh, I've had such an adventure. I was digging away at old Mr. Ford's grave when I suppose I must have dropped asleep, and only woke up by hearing a cat's miaou."

"Miaou!" said Old Tom in answer.

"Yes, just like that! So I looked over the edge of the grave and what do you think I saw?"

"Now, how can I tell?" said the sexton's wife.

"Why, nine black cats, all like our friend Tom

here, all with a white spot on their chests. And what do you think they were carrying? Why, a small coffin covered with a black velvet pall, and on the pall was a small crown all of gold, and at every third step they took they cried all together, miaou!"

"Miaou!" said Old Tom again.

"Yes, just like that!" said the sexton; "and as they came nearer and nearer to me I could see them more distinctly, because their eyes shone out with a sort of green light. Well, they all came towards me, eight of them carrying the coffin, and the biggest cat of all walking in front for all the world like — but look at our Tom, how he's looking at me. You'd think he knew all I was saying."

"Go on, go on," said his wife; "never mind Old Tom."

"Well, as I was a-saying, they came towards me slowly and solemnly, and at every third step crying all together, miaou!"

"Miaou!" said Old Tom again.

"Yes, just like that, till they came and stood



TOM TILDRUM, THE KING OF THE CATS

right opposite Mr. Ford's grave, where I was, when they all stood still and looked straight at me. I did feel queer, that I did! But look at Old Tom; he's looking at me just as they did."

"Go on, go on," said his wife; "never mind Old Tom."

"Where was I? Oh, they all stood still looking at me, when the one that wasn't carrying the coffin came forward and, staring straight at me, said to me—yes, I tell you, *said* to me, with a squeaky voice, 'Tell Tom Tildrum that Tim Toldrum's dead,' and that's why I asked you if you knew who Tom Tildrum was, for how can I tell Tom Tildrum Tim Toldrum is dead, if I don't know who Tom Tildrum is?"

"Look at Old Tom, look at Old Tom!" screamed his wife.

And well he might look, for Tom was swelling, and Tom was staring, and at last Tom shrieked out, "What—old Tim dead? Then I'm the King o' the Cats!" and rushed up the chimney and was never more seen.



TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

“Oh! don’t thank me, for what am I
Without the dews and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne’er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again.”

“Oh, well, then,” said the little boy,
“I’ll gladly thank the rain and dew.”

“Pray don’t thank us! Without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you.”

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop," said the Sun with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me.
'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draft I gave to thee."
"O Ocean, thanks," then said the boy.
It echoed back: "No thanks to me!

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go give thy thanks, my little boy, —
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank thee for thy gift.
Thou art the Giver of all good."

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

COWPER.



THE SANDY ROAD

Once upon a time a merchant, with his caravan of five hundred ox carts, came to a desert. He was on his way to a city on the other side of the desert, so he must cross it.

But the desert was sixty miles wide. And the sand in that desert was so fine that when one tried to pick it up, it ran through the fingers like water.

It was so hot that if one tried to walk on it

after sunrise, it was like walking on a bed of live coals.

So whoever crossed that desert must travel by night and must take water enough to last all the way; likewise enough oil and rice for food and wood for fuel.

There was no road in that desert; so whoever crossed it must have a pilot, just as when crossing the sea, — one who could tell where to go by looking at the stars in the sky.

It was in this way that the merchant with his men and five hundred carts were crossing the desert. At daybreak they stopped, set up their tents, and cooked their food. All day they sat or slept in the shade. At sunset they had supper and when the sand had cooled, they yoked the oxen and went on, — with the pilot in the front wagon leading the way.

Thus they traveled many nights, till one day the pilot said, "In one more night we shall be out of the desert."

So they threw away their water, except what they needed for that one night, and started off.

The pilot leaned back on his soft cushions, watching the stars and heading straight for the city where they would be the next morning.

Just as day was breaking the pilot looked for the city that should be in front of them, but it was not there. He looked at the sky and found the sun about to rise *behind* them instead of before, — for it was eastward that they had been traveling.

The pilot had slept during the night, and the oxen had traveled in a circle.

“Stop the carts!” cried the pilot.

And when the men got down from their carts and looked about them they said: “This is the very place where we camped yesterday. We have no more water. We are lost!”

So unyoking the oxen, they lay down under the tents, and gave up hope.

But the merchant said, “If I lose heart, all these will perish.” So while the morning was yet cool, he walked about, looking for signs of water. And seeing a tuft of grass, he thought, “This grass could not have grown without water. There must be water beneath it.”

And he made them bring hoes and spades, and dig in that spot. And they dug a hole as deep as a well.

Then the spade of one of the diggers struck a rock. And he said, "I can dig no farther, for I have struck a rock."

So all the diggers lost heart and gave up hope.

But the merchant, saying to himself, "*There must* be water under that rock," climbed down into the well, and got upon the rock, and stooping down, put his ear to it, and listened. And he heard the sound of water gurgling beneath.

Then he came up from the well and called his serving lad. "My lad," said he, "if we give up now, we shall all be lost. Don't lose heart. Take this iron hammer, and go down into the well, and give the rock a good blow."

The lad obeyed, and, though all the diggers had lost heart, he did not lose heart, but went down into the pit and struck at the stone with all his might.

And the rock split in two, and the water

gushed up from below, and rose till its brim was the height of a palm tree in the well.

And they all drank of the water, both men and beasts; and they bathed in it.

Then they split up their extra yokes, and cooked rice, and ate it, and fed their oxen with it.

And when the sun was set, they put up a flag by the well, and started forth, and by morning were at the gates of the city.

There the merchant sold his goods at a high profit and then returned to his own home.

Jataka Tales.

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN

A woodman, cutting down a tree on the bank of a deep river, by accident let his ax fall into the water.

Being thus suddenly deprived of the tool by which he earned his living, he sat down on the bank and lamented his hard fate.

All of a sudden the god Mercury appeared and asked him what was the matter. Having

heard the man's story, he at once dived to the bottom of the river and, bringing up a golden ax, offered it to the astonished woodman.

"But that is not my ax," said the man, and he refused to take it.

Then Mercury dived again, and this time brought up a silver ax, which he offered to the man as before.

"That is not mine, either," said the honest woodman.

Mercury dived a third time and brought up the ax the man had lost, and this one he took with great joy and thankfulness.

So pleased was Mercury with the man's honesty, that he gave him the axes of gold and silver in addition to his own.

On his return home, the woodman told his adventure to his fellow workmen. One of them decided to try his luck in the same way. So he ran to the river, let his ax fall in on purpose, and sat down on the bank to lament his sad fate.

To his delight Mercury appeared as before,

and having learned the cause of his grief, plunged into the river, and brought up the golden ax, which he offered to the second woodman, just as he had to the first.

The dishonest fellow snatched at it greedily, declaring that of a truth it was the very ax he had lost.

But Mercury, who could always tell when people were lying, not only refused to give him the golden ax, but would not even get his own for him again.

Æsop's Fables.

CALICO PIE

Calico pie!

The little birds fly

Down to the calico-tree;

Their wings were blue,

And they sang, "Tilly-loo!"

Till away they flew;

And they never came back to me;

And they never came back,

They never came back,

They never came back to me.

Calico jam!

The little fish swam

Over the Syllabub Sea.

He took off his hat

To the Sole and the Sprat

And the Willeby-Wat:

But he never came back to me;

He never came back,

He never came back,

He never came back to me.

Calico ban!

The little mice ran

To be ready in time for tea;

Flippity flup,

They drank it all up,

And danced in the cup:

But they never came back to me;

They never came back,

They never came back,

They never came back to me.

Calico drum!

The grasshoppers come,

The Butterfly, Beetle and Bee;
Over the ground,
Around and around,
With a hop and a bound;
But they never came back to me,
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep, —
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"
So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
“We are lost!” the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
“Isn’t God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE MAGIC PURSE

Once upon a time a poor beggar knocked at the door of a man who was very rich and also very miserly.

The miser opened the door and, seeing the beggar, refused to give him anything and drove him away with many harsh words.

The beggar, seating himself upon a stone by

the roadside, began to complain and to compare himself with the miser.

"Is it worth while," said he to himself, "to be rich if one never does anything but heap up money? If I were only rich I would not behave as that wretched miser. I would make myself and others happy with my wealth.

"Ah! if I could only find some hidden treasure, I would show the world how a rich man ought to act."

Suddenly, as he was thus thinking to himself, the Goddess of Fortune appeared before him.

"I know your thoughts," said she, "you wish to be rich. I am willing to help you. Here is a purse. There is one gold piece in it — no more. But as soon as you take one coin out, another will appear in its place. Keep the purse and supply yourself from it, until your craving for money is satisfied. Only bear in mind this: *Until you have flung the purse into the river, you must not spend a single coin.*"

The poor man was almost wild with joy. He could scarcely believe it was not all a dream. He

said to himself, "I will take out thousands on thousands of gold pieces. Tomorrow I shall be rich and will begin to live like a prince." Straightway he set to work taking coins out of the purse. By night he was rich. But the next morning he changed his mind.

"It is true," said he, "that I am a rich man; but why should I not become twice as rich as I am now? Here I have money for a city mansion, a carriage, and a country house. It would be stupid in me to lose this chance to buy some large estates also. I will keep the wonderful purse one day longer."

But the day passed, a week, a month, and a year followed, and he was still toiling eagerly at the purse. His greed grew with his pile of gold. Meanwhile, our poor man ate and drank sparingly. He knew not how many heavy gold coins he had hidden away in his strong box, but he still kept taking more from the magic purse.

Sometimes he thought that he would throw it away. More than once he carried it to the bank of the river, but each time brought it back.

“How can I part with the purse,” said he, “while it yields a stream of gold every day?”

The years rolled on, and the poor man grew gray and thin and as yellow as his gold. He never thought any more of living in splendor. He had become faint and feeble. Still, with trembling hands, he went on taking coins from the purse.

How did it all end? On the very bench on which he used to sit grumbling about the selfish ways of the rich, he sat each day for many years, working hard at the purse and at length died of old age, a wretched miser, without ever having enjoyed a penny of his vast wealth.

From KRILOFF'S Russian Fables.

SLUMBER SONG

Who taught the first little girl how to sing?

I know, I know!

The dear little birdies that come in the spring,
They whistled and twittered on frolicsome wing,
And caroled her stories of each living thing;

They taught her to sing,

I know.



Who taught the first little girl how to dance?

I know, I know!

She saw how the butterflies flutter and glance,
And the tall lady grasses retreat and advance;
She watched little Columbine caper and prance;

They taught her to dance,

I know.

Who taught the first little girl how to rest?

I know, I know!

The good little birds flutter back to the nest,
And each pretty flower bud knows it is best
To sleep when the sun drowns into the west;

They taught her to rest,

I know.



THE DREAM MAN

Every evening, while the children are still sitting at the supper table or are gathered about their mother's knee, the Dream Man comes. He makes no noise, for he always walks in his stocking feet, — tip — tip — tip, up the stairs and in at the door.

The Dream Man wears the finest clothes. His coat is made of silk, but I cannot tell you what color it is, for it shines green, red, and blue in the candle light.

Under one arm he carries a great umbrella all covered with pictures, and in one hand he holds a bag of sand.

He sprinkles the sand in the children's eyes till they cannot keep them open, and he blows a breath on the back of their necks till their heads are heavy. Oh, it is only a little while after the Dream Man comes that the children begin to nod, nod, nod.

First he goes to the wee babies, the ones in long clothes; then to the tiny children who have just learned to walk, and then to the children like you. Every time it is the same thing, — a sprinkle of sand in the eyes, and a gentle breath on the back of the neck, and all the children begin their nodding, nodding, nodding.

The Dream Man does not hurt any one. Oh! no; he is the children's friend, and he only wants them to go to sleep that he may tell them beautiful stories and show them wonderful things.

No sooner are they asleep than the Dream Man sits down on the bed, and opens his great

umbrella, and holds it over them that they may dream wonderful dreams.

Now, one evening, the Dream Man came to a house where there was a little boy who did not want to go to sleep. "I shall sit up all night and see where the stars go," he said.

"We shall see," said his mother, who was rocking the baby to sleep.

"Yes; we shall see," said the Dream Man, who was standing behind the little boy's chair, although the little boy did not know it. "We shall see," and he laughed softly to himself as he sprinkled the sand in the little boy's eyes, and blew a gentle breath on the back of his neck.

The little boy sat upright in his chair and listened to the clock as it sang, "Tickety-tock," till his eyelids drooped and his head began to nod, and the Dream Man opened his umbrella and held it over him.

"Tickety-tock, tickety-tock"; that is what the clock had been saying; but no sooner had the Dream Man raised his umbrella than the clock

called down to the little boy, "It is time for the wedding."

"What do you mean?" said the little boy.
"What wedding?"

"Why, the mouse wedding, of course, down under the pantry floor," said the clock, "you will be late."

"Am I going?" asked the child.

"Oh, yes," said the clock, "and there is a little mouse coming to show you the way."

The little boy looked down and there, sure enough, was a little gray mouse beside his chair. "I can never get through the mouse hole," said he.

"You are not so large as you think," squeaked the mouse; and suddenly the little boy began to feel very small.

"Why, I am no larger than my tin soldier," he cried.

"To be sure," said the clock, "and you might borrow his clothes to wear to the wedding. Soldier clothes are very fine to wear to weddings."

"Oh! oh!" said the little boy; for in a mo-

ment he was dressed in his tin soldier's clothes, and they fitted him exactly.

"Will you please seat yourself in your mother's thimble," said the mouse, "that I may have the pleasure of drawing you to the wedding?"

"Oh! is that the way we go?" said the child; and he seated himself in his mother's thimble and caught hold of the mouse's tail; and away they went into the pantry and through the mouse's hole in the pantry floor.

At first they came to a long passage that was just wide enough for them to pass through. It was very dark and smelled of bacon rind. "Isn't it pleasant here?" asked the mouse; but she went so fast that the little boy had no time to answer.

Then they came to a room where the marriage was to take place. The bride and groom stood in the middle of the room with all the company around them. The little boy was the only one who wasn't a relation, but the mice were polite enough to say they felt as if he were one of the family because he lived in the same house.

After the wedding there was a great deal of scampering and running, and everybody had a bit of cheese to eat. Then it was time to go home.

“Where is my mother’s thimble?” said the little boy; and while he was waiting for it, the Dream Man folded up his umbrella and slipped away.

Then the little boy woke up. It was broad daylight, and his mother was standing by his bed. “You fell asleep in your chair last night,” she said, “and did not wake, even when I undressed you and put you to bed.”

“But I went to the mouse’s wedding,” said the little boy.

“Oh!” said the mother, “I see. You must have been looking at the pictures on the Dream Man’s umbrella.”

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).

Be not simply good — be good for something.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

If you would live with ease, do what you ought, not what you please.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A PLANT RIDDLE

I know a little creature
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings,
All around her head.

When she grows old
She is hard and cannot feel,
So they take her to the mill,
And grind her into meal.

A RIDDLE

A bridge weaves its arch with pearls
High over the tranquil sea;
In a moment it unfurls
Its span, unbounded, free.
The tallest ship with swelling sail
May pass beneath its arch with ease;
It carries no burden, 'tis too frail,
And with your approach it flees.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes;
What it is made of nobody knows.

SCHILLER.



DANIEL BOONE STORIES

I. THE CORN POUNDING BOY AND THE CORN POUNDER

One afternoon about two hundred years ago, a boy of twelve was standing under a big oak tree at the edge of a clearing in the forest.

His right hand grasped a rope, which he pulled down, and which, as often as he pulled it down, flew up again.

He was working a simple machine called the "corn pounder"; and from this you may know

that he was not an Indian boy. For among the Indians the squaws used to pound the corn, and they had not gumption enough to invent even a corn pounder.

You might, indeed, have taken this boy for an Indian at first. He was tall for his age, and straight as an arrow. His long hunting shirt was of deerskin, and his trousers of the same material, with fringes at the seams. He wore a coonskin cap and moccasins.

But Daniel Boone is not an Indian name; and the frank open face under the coonskin cap is not an Indian face; and those clear blue eyes, as modest as they are brave and piercing, are not Indian eyes.

As he stands there working the corn pounder, there is something about the lad that inspires confidence. There is in him the same quiet, winning way that, when he grew to be a man, made men trust him.

In the lad, Daniel Boone, there were the same marks of truth and courage that led Audubon, the great bird lover, to write of him many years later:

“Courage and perseverance were written on his countenance, and whenever he spoke, the very motion of his lips gave the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true.”

Now that we have got acquainted with the corn pounding boy, let us find out something more about the corn pounding machine.

To make a corn pounder was easy enough.

First find a stump under a strong overhanging limb of a tree. Then hollow out the top of the stump so as to form a bowl that will hold a quart or two of corn grains. Then get a smooth stone for a pounder and tie it by a rope to the overhanging limb.

Now pull on the rope. Down comes the stone into the bowl, breaking some of the corn grains. Then the limb springs back and up goes the stone. Another pull down, another pound, another spring back. And so it goes, — you pulling down, limb pulling up, — down, up; down, up, — all through the afternoon. It takes a great deal of corn meal to keep father and mother and nine children in

corn bread, corn griddle cakes, and corn meal mush.

II. THE BOY WHO LOVED THE WOODS

When you are pounding corn, you can look anywhere you please. Daniel was looking most of the time across the clearing to where a trail entered the woods. He seemed to be expecting someone to come along the trail into the clearing.

Now and then he looked at the log cabin which stood in the middle of the clearing. The log cabin was his home. That little window up near the gable was the window of the room, or garret, which Daniel shared with his eight brothers and sisters. There they all slept summer and winter. It was too hot in summer. It was too cold in winter, even with their hay beds on the floor and their deerskin bed clothes. And it was too crowded summer and winter.

Daniel had a longing sometimes to get away, to go somewhere where it was not so crowded. Just to look at that little window made him think of the woods.

Near the cabin there was a wood pile. It was a big one, heaped up with sticks of beech, maple, and hickory.

Daniel was proud of that wood pile. He had helped to make it. Many a freezing cold winter day he had spent with his father in the woods, felling trees, sawing, and chopping them into logs, and splitting the logs into firewood. Many a time he had ridden in on top of a great bobsled load of wood over the crisp snow.

It took an enormous number of backlogs to keep eleven people warm in a leaky log house. In the winter time it often seemed as if the cold came in through the cracks faster than the heat could be made in the fireplace. Daniel sometimes thought that if he could only go away, and build his own camp, he would be more comfortable than in the log house.

So the wood pile made him think of the woods too.

Daniel, you see, loved the woods. He loved everything about the woods. He loved anything that took him into the woods. He loved any-

thing that made him think about being in the woods.

Near the wood pile, with a fire of chips and sticks burning beneath it, was a big black kettle. The kettle was filled with scraps of fat mixed with lye, that were being made into soft soap.

While Daniel was looking, his mother came out of the cabin and gave the soap a stir and threw some sticks on the fire. There were no big soap factories in those days. Every log house had its own soap factory, and making soap was women's work, just as cooking, spinning, weaving, and knitting were women's work.

But what the kettle made Daniel think of was something very different from soap making. The kettle made him think of the woods, and the springtime, when the buds would begin to swell, and when the sap would rise in the trees, and the "sugar bush" be ready to tap.

If Daniel would only take us with him to a "sugaring off" party, we should then find out what the big kettle was good for besides soap making, and why it, too, made Daniel think of the woods.

- Everything Daniel saw on the clearing made him think of the woods. And everything he saw made him the more eager to hear his father's shout and see him coming along the trail out of the woods.

What was Daniel Boone so eager for?

Was his father bringing him a new ax?

An ax is a very necessary tool for a frontiersman, but you can't get fur and meat out of the woods with an ax.

And you can't fight Indians with an ax,—at least not very well. . . .

Yes, you've guessed it.

Young Daniel Boone wanted a rifle that he could call his own, and his father's trip to town had something to do with that rifle.

III. DANIEL BOONE'S FIRST RIFLE

"Mother."

"Yes, Daniel."

"Why doesn't father come home?"

"It's hardly time. You know it's a long way to town. It takes a whole day there and back."

"I wish he'd hurry up!"

"What are you in such a hurry for?" asked his mother, though she knew as well as he did.

"You know, mother, as well as I do."

"Your furs?"

"Yes, my furs, and my rifle. I want to know if the skins sold well. It's been a bad winter for traps, and I had the best luck of any one around here."

"You're in a terrible hurry to get that rifle of yours, aren't you?" And Daniel Boone's mother glanced at her boy with a look of pride.

"Yes, I am, mother. And I have a right to be. I've used this old pepper box of a shotgun long enough. I'm a good enough shot to have a rifle of my own."

"You surely are a good shot, Dan. I never saw a boy of your age that could beat you. You can bark squirrels about as well as your father can now. I hope your skins sold well. You must have nearly enough money now."

"I have all but thirty shillings."

"Well, your mink and beaver ought to bring that, to say nothing of the muskrats."

“There comes father now.”

And Daniel Boone stopped his corn pounding and ran like a deer towards the trail.

When he came in sight of his father, he stopped.

He did not ask him whether the skins had brought a good price.

He did not need to.

There was the answer in his father's hand.

For Daniel's father had started out that morning with one rifle and he was coming back with two.

The father handed the new rifle to his son. Daniel took it. Neither spoke a word.

The boy was pale and trembling. He was too excited to speak.

Here was his rifle. It was *his*. He had earned it. It had been bought with his own money. It was his very own,—his to bark squirrels with, and shoot bear and buffalo and catamounts and panthers. If the family should be attacked by hostile Indians, he could guard his own porthole and do his part like a man.



No wonder the boy was pale and trembling, with such thoughts as these racing through his mind. That rifle meant that he was no longer a boy, but a man.

And as he marched out of the woods into the clearing, rifle in hand, his mother saw that he was different. There had gone into the woods just her boy, Dan. There came out one who was to be the famous scout, Indian fighter, and pioneer, Daniel Boone.

At the supper table that evening, as they ate bear bacon and fried corn mush with maple sirup, the father told how he happened to get the rifle.

A trader had just come back from Philadelphia. He had floated a load of furs down the river, had sold them well, and had brought back tea, rum, and rifles.

"He made me a good offer for Dan's furs, five dollars for the beaver, four shillings for the mink, two bits a pair for the rats. I made him an offer for the rifle and we struck a bargain.

"I thought I might as well bring it along, as Dan was so eager."

"How much did it cost?" said Squire, Daniel's next younger brother.

"Twenty-five dollars."

"I think you might sell me your shotgun, Dan," said Squire.

"What'll you give me?"

"I'll give you a fair price if you'll take it out in work."

"Well, suppose you take my place at the corn pounder for a year," said Daniel.

"I'll do it," said Squire.

And that was the last of Daniel Boone's corn pounding, for when the year was up, Squire handed the job over to a younger brother, and became a full-fledged hunter like Daniel.

IV. BARKING SQUIRRELS

The next morning the boys were up by daylight.

Squire was as eager to try his shotgun as Dan was to try his rifle.

Squire loaded with shot. Daniel rammed home a bullet. Both used the old-fashioned flintlock; for caps were not invented till a hundred years later, in the days of another great American pioneer, Kit Carson.

Before they had gone far into the woods they met a friendly Delaware Indian whose wigwam was on the shore of Lonesome Pond a mile or so away. The boys liked the Indian, and because he lived all alone they had given him the nickname of Allalono, or Lono for short.

Lono was out hunting, too; and his weapon

was neither shotgun nor rifle, but his good cedar bow and a quiver full of arrows.

"Why don't you get a gun, Lono?" asked Daniel, as they walked along together.

"Bow and arrow good enough for Indian. Bow better than gun—sometimes," said Lono. "When arrow shoot rat, rat no get away. Bow make no noise, no scare game, no use up powder and lead. Gun no shoot same powder twice; bow shoot same arrow many times. Bow shoot straight, shoot far."

"But you surely can't shoot as far with your bow as I with my rifle," said Daniel.

The Indian said nothing. But in a moment he raised his bow and quick as a flash let drive an arrow. The boys at first thought he was just showing them how far he could shoot. But they were mistaken.

The Delaware ran forward sixty paces or so and picked up a gray squirrel from the ground, and near by found his round-headed arrow with its bright red feather tip.

"Bow and arrow good enough for Indian," said Lono again. And this time the boys did not dispute it.

It was now Squire's turn. Right over him among the branches of an oak tree he saw a squirrel, and taking careful aim he fired at it. A shower of shot came down through the leaves, but no squirrel.

In a moment they could see it on the next tree, peeping around at them from the other side of the trunk. And it was only by getting his brother to go around and frighten the squirrel to *his* side of the tree that Squire could get a shot.

"I got him, I got him," cried the boy gleefully.

"Yes, and the next job will be to eat him," said Dan. "I'll bet there's a bushel of shot in that squirrel."

Now came Daniel's turn.

A large gray squirrel was running up the straight trunk of a gum tree about two hundred feet away. When about halfway up he stopped a moment.

The next instant he was dead; yet no bullet had touched him.



Squire ran and picked him up. "There isn't a mark or a scratch on him," said he.

"Ugh!" said Lono. This was usually Lono's way of saying *yes*. But this time it meant: "Rifle as good as bow and arrow — sometimes."

Daniel had not aimed at the squirrel at all, but at the bark of the tree just under it. The bullet had hit the mark, and the shock had killed the squirrel.

It was his wonderful skill with the rifle that in later years helped to make Daniel Boone famous as the "Pioneer of Kentucky." His trick of "barking" squirrels gave him and his family many a delicious meal when food was scarce and hard to get; and his true eye many a time saved his life.

V. HUNTING MUSKRAT, INDIAN-FASHION

"Lono, what were you telling us about muskrats a while ago? Did you say you could shoot them better with a bow and arrow than I with my rifle?"

"Come," said the Indian, "I show you."

So they all three started for the pond.

When they were almost there, Lono motioned to them to stop, and to keep very still.

Creeping cautiously toward the bank, they watched for muskrat.

"Sweet flag!" whispered Lono.

The boys saw a clump of sweet flag growing in the shallow water near the shore. They knew that muskrats are fond of flagroot.



Lono drew an arrow from his quiver, not a blunt one this time, but one with a sharp steel point. Taking a fishline from his pocket, he coiled it on the ground, tied one end to the arrow, and kept the other end in his hand.

Soon ripples appeared in the water, forming a broad V, with the point of the V headed toward the sweet flag.

A muskrat was swimming toward his feeding grounds. It was the tip of his nose that made

the point of the V. Soon he was out of the water nibbling a bit of flagroot.

Twang! went the bow; zip! went the arrow; splash! went the muskrat, pulling coil after coil of the fishline after him.

But soon the line stopped going out and the Indian began to haul in, coil after coil, till the wounded animal was on the shore. A sharp blow from a stick finished him.

Lono was twelve and a half cents richer than he had been the moment before; and it was net, — nothing to pay for powder and lead. Besides, if he had used a gun he might not have secured the game at all.

“Bow and arrow good; better than gun — sometimes,” said Lono once more.

“You’re right, Lono,” said Daniel. “Indian ways are good — sometimes.”

“You told us once that you would show us how to make a canoe, Indian-fashion. Can’t you do it now?”

“Ugh!” said Lono; and he led the way toward his wigwam.

VI. BUILDING A CANOE, INDIAN-FASHION

Lono was an old-fashioned Indian. He liked Indian ways better than white man's ways. Bow and arrow were good enough for him.

When he wanted a knife, he did not tramp to town with a pack of "rat" skins on his back to exchange for a "store" knife. When Lono wanted a knife, he went on a beaver hunt.

Having caught his beaver, he took some of its teeth, set them in a stick, and there was his knife!

He had seen beavers cut down trees with their teeth; and so — "if beaver tooth sharp enough to cut down trees, beaver tooth sharp enough to whittle stick."

An old-fashioned Indian like Lono would scorn to use a fishing tackle that he had not made himself. For a line, he braided the fibers taken from the inner bark of a tree. Fishhooks he made of pieces of "wishbone," scraping them smooth and sharp with his beaver tooth knife.

And so he was going to show the boys how to

make a dugout, without using an ax, or a saw, or an adze, or even a steel-bladed knife.

Of course it took a long while to make a boat in this way. Many a trip the boys made from the cabin to the pond before their boat was floating on the water.

First they looked for a good canoe tree. It must be straight and strong and of just the right size.

When they had found just the kind of tree they wanted, they placed a great pile of dry brush at its base. Instead of chopping down the tree, they were going to burn it down.

Of course there were no matches in those days. The boys would have got a spark by striking a flint with a piece of steel. Lono set about it in the Indian way,— which is also the “boy-scout” way.

Taking a flat piece of dry wood he made a small hole at the edge of it and in this hole twirled a pointed stick, very rapidly. The wood became hot; a fine thread of smoke rose from the tinder at the side of the hole; a glowing coal was seen; flame burst out; they had made fire.

Soon there was a ring of fire around the trunk, slowly eating its way to the heart of the tree. Day and night the fire was tended, till after three days the tree crashed down.

The next task was to burn the canoe log from the rest of the tree. This took another day.

Then began the work of hollowing out the log. This was done by building little fires on the top of it, scraping away the charred wood, building more fires, scraping again, until the heavy log became a light canoe, ready to be launched.

It was a proud day for Daniel Boone and his brother when they saw their canoe gracefully floating on the water; and when they could sail over the surface of the pond "paddling their own canoe."

VII. THE BIG WALK

When Lono and the two boys were scraping away at the dugout they had plenty of time to talk. The boys learned a good deal from their friend about Indian ways and Indian nature.

"Lono," said Daniel one day, "my father

says your people once owned all the country about here. Is that so ? ”

“ That so,” replied the Delaware. “ My people owned all this land, one time.”

“ How did you come to sell it ? ”

“ White men wanted it. They made offer. We sold. Then white man took too much.”

“ How was that ? ” asked Squire, for he had never heard the story. “ How much did you sell ? ”

“ We sold from the big river on the east to the little river on the west.”

“ Yes, but how far north, between the rivers ? ”

“ How far a man go in one day, then one sleep, then one half day.”

“ Who did the measuring, white men or Indians ? ”

“ Three white men and three Indians.”

“ Wasn’t that fair ? ” said Squire.

“ Ugh ! ” said Lono.

“ What was the trouble then ? Why did you say ‘ white men took too much ’ ? ”

“ It was this way. We start out, three white men, three Indians. Lono was one. White men



go terrible fast. No sit down to smoke; no shoot squirrel; but run, run, run, run, all day long. Two white men die. One white man go many, many miles, — maybeso sixty — seventy miles. It was the Big Walk.”

The boys tried to get the Delaware to tell them more, but he would not. The Big Walk had taken place only ten years before, and it was still a sore point with Lono and with the whole Delaware nation.

The Indians had meant to sell as far north as a man could *walk* in a day and a half, stopping now and then for rest and refreshment.

But the deed to the land said "go." The white men meant to have the land as far north as the swiftest racer in the settlement could *go*, from sunrise to sunset of one day, and the next day from sunrise to noon.

The law was on the side of the white men; but the boys couldn't help feeling sorry for Lono and his people. They wondered if the friendly redmen had been quite fairly treated by their white brothers.

Daniel Boone was learning one of the great lessons of his life: that the redman, whether friendly or hostile, was no match for the white man.

And he himself, when he was older, proved in a hundred ways that he was more than a match for any Indian. He showed that he could outwit them, and outrun them, and outfight them.

VIII. A DEER HUNT ON LONESOME POND

It was about four in the morning and quite dark. Daniel Boone crawled out of his bunk ; he put on his deerskin leggings, his moccasins, and his hunting shirt and coonskin cap ; then he climbed down the peg ladder and taking down his rifle from the rack over the door, tiptoed out of the cabin.

He struck into the deep woods. As he walked, it began to grow lighter. Squirrels chattered at him from the trees, but he paid no attention to them. He heard the " yap " of a fox, but he did not turn aside for that. He was out for bigger game.

Daniel had never yet shot a deer. The very thought of it made his hand tremble and his heart beat hard. He somehow felt as if he should not be a real man until he had shot a deer.

He knew how to hunt for deer. You must not let them hear you or see you. Above all you must not let them smell you. So you must never hunt them " down the wind " ; that is, you must always come upon the deer in such a way that the wind

will be blowing from them to you and not from you to them.

And there was another point about deer-shooting that Daniel did not know; but he was soon to learn.

He came to Lonesome Pond. There was not a sign of deer. There were the lily pads, on which they liked to feed. There were deer tracks all about, and deer runways leading down from the wooded hillsides to the water's edge; but not a sight nor a sound of the deer themselves.

"They have probably finished feeding and have gone back into the woods," thought Daniel.

Just then the sun rose from behind a hill and flashed its rays on the water, and on the brilliant red coat of a big buck, feeding in the water a hundred yards away.

"I guess I'm a sure enough tenderfoot," said Daniel to himself. "It was there all the time and I never saw it. Now let's see about the wind."

Wetting his finger he held it up in the air.

"Blowing straight from me," he said.

That meant that he must get on the other side of the buck. So he made his way through the woods, keeping a sharp lookout with eyes and ears and making no more noise than an Indian.

Soon he was at a point where he was not more than thirty yards away from his prize.

The splendid young buck stood perfectly still, broadside on.

Daniel raised his trusty rifle. He sighted along the barrel.

What was the matter? The muzzle of that rifle seemed to be revolving in a circle. Now it covered the buck's horns; now its tail; now a big rock ten feet away.

The young buck stood perfectly still, as if inviting the hunter to shoot him.

Daniel lowered his gun and looked at it. It was the same trusty rifle he had paid his twenty-five dollars for. The barrel was as straight as ever.

But what was the matter with his hands?

They were trembling all over, as if he were having an ague fit.

"Come!" said Daniel to himself, "this will

never do. What will father and Squire say? I must pull myself together."

By this time the buck was beginning to act uneasy, as if to say, "Something tells me I must be going."

Just then the young hunter fired. The buck with a snort and a leap was gone. And the bullet went harmlessly skipping over the surface of the pond.

When Daniel reached home he made a clean breast of it. Squire and the other children were inclined to make fun of him. But their father said:

"Simply a case of buck fever, that's all; nothing to be ashamed of. Hunters all have it when drawing a bead on their first deer. You'll have it, too, Squire; so you needn't laugh. Your turn will come."

"Dan will get his deer next time," said his mother.

And so he did. But some one else got it too, and then some one got *him*. But we are getting ahead of our story.

IX. GOOD HUNTING

Men are still alive who say that they have seen a tree with these words cut deep in the bark:

D. Boon	cilled
a bar	on tree
in yr	1760

If the tree was large enough for a bear to climb in the year 1760, it must be a pretty old tree to-day, if it still stands.

There is no doubt that Daniel, or "D. Boon" as he spelled it when he cut his name in the bark, did kill a bear and very many bears in his lifetime; and that he learned how when he was only a boy, many years before he cut his name in the "bear tree."

His first bear hunt was a surprise, first to Daniel, then to the bear, and then to the whole Boone family. It came about in this way.

One morning not long after his attack of buck fever, Daniel started out to get his deer and win back his reputation as a hunter.

When he reached the pond, no deer were to be seen. Not even a single red-coated buck was there to catch the rays of the rising sun.

"They have taken to the woods, this time," said Daniel to himself, "and I must take to the woods after them."

Finding a runway with fresh signs of deer, he followed it. It led along a trout stream up the side of the mountain.

After an hour's steady climbing, he reached a spring, the source of the tiny streamlet he had been following up the ravine from the pond.

In ten minutes more he saw just ahead of him the top of the mountain. There might be deer just over that ridge. He must surprise them. So he dodged from tree to tree and then, falling on his face, crawled like a snake till he reached the top and could look down the opposite slope.

There were three splendid deer, lying in a little hollow, under great forest trees. He aimed at the largest, with a hand and eye as steady as an old hunter's, and in a moment had shot his first deer.

The two remaining deer had not seen him, and the wind was blowing strong from them to him. At the sharp report of the gun they rose quickly and came with easy leaps up the hill, straight for the spot where the young deerslayer was concealed.

At the top the foremost animal — a fat yearling buck — suddenly caught sight of the hunter, and gave a tremendous leap in the air. Before he touched the ground again he was dead. Daniel had reloaded, taken true aim and fired, all in less time than it takes to tell it. He had killed his second deer. The other deer escaped, fading away into the forest as silently and swiftly as a ghost.

Daniel's first thought was of home, and of how proudly he would march into the clearing with his deer slung across his shoulders.

Then there came over him his great longing to stay in the woods. Why shouldn't he camp right there and live awhile in the woods all alone? His gun would furnish food and blankets; with his hunting knife he could make a shelter; the

spring at the head of the ravine would furnish drinking water, and the trout stream, fish.

"I'll do it," said he, aloud to himself. "Instead of sleeping in a crowded cabin to-night, I'll sleep in my own little house, up on the mountain side, all by myself."

So saying, he set to work with a will, for there was much to do.

X. TROUT, VENISON, AND HOE CAKE

The young huntsman skinned both deer, then put the larger deer in the crotch of a tree; and carried the choice parts of the young buck down to the spring at the head of the trout stream.

There were balsam trees all about; and he knew just how to cut the boughs and lay them so as to make a soft bed, with the humps all beneath and the soft needles on top. He knew, too, how to make a tent-shaped frame of slender poles, and how to hang balsam boughs on the frame, and so make a shelter that would keep out cold and rain.

When he had finished his house and his bed,

he gathered wood for the fire and then looked about for tinder with which to start it. A great yellow birch tree near by gave him just what he wanted. For the outer bark of the yellow birch is as thin as tissue paper, and peels off in curly shreds that are as dry as tinder. Collecting a double handful of these shreds, he placed them near the wood, ready to light when the time came.

"Now," said Daniel to himself, "I think it's about time to begin getting dinner. I'm hungry enough. Suppose we try some brook trout, broiled over red coals. Then some juicy venison and a camp fire hoe cake. That will be a king's dinner!"

There were plenty of trout in the brook. Daniel had seen their flashing sides in many a pool, while coming up the mountain.

But how was he to get them out? He had neither hook nor line nor bait. If he had had a hook he could have made a line, and as for bait, there was a red lizard on the ground at his feet, and he knew that trout will rise to a piece of red lizard as eagerly as to a fly.

The motto of the frontiersman always is: If you can't catch your fish in one way, catch him in another. And so Daniel Boone, who was every inch a frontiersman, set to work to catch his fish in another way than by hook, line, and bait.

He remembered that an old Scotchman had once told him how in the old country they used to "guddle," *i.e.* catch trout in their hands. And when he was a little boy he had often tried to fish in this way, but had always failed, because the fish were too quick for him. Now he was a man, or felt like one, and was bound to behave like a man. "If the Scotch could do it, I can," thought he.

Finding a shallow pool with a flat stone bottom he drove a number of trout into it from a deep pool and stopped up the entrance. It was not long before a half dozen of the speckled beauties were flopping on the bank. Soon they were cleaned, strung on green spits, and ready for the red coals.



XI. A DINNER FIT FOR A KING

A spark from his flint on the birch tinder, a steady blowing from the bellows of his lungs, and the fire was lighted.

“Now for the hoe cake!” said the young expert in camp cookery.

First he looked about for a thin flat stone, about the size of a dinner plate; and he found just what he wanted in the bed of the brook.

Upon the top of this stone griddle he poured

from his pouch enough corn meal to make a good big griddle cake. Mixing the meal with water till it made a stiff batter, he leaned the griddle with the cake on it against a tree trunk near the fire and left it there to bake.

A tenderloin steak was next cut from the deer, strung on a stout oaken spit, and placed just above the glowing coals. And now, while the steak is sizzling and steaming, our young chef holds the trout over the coals, each on its separate spit, until they are "done to a turn."

Where there are no knives, forks, or spoons; no platters or plates, no cups and saucers, no tablecloth or napkins, the housekeeper can set the table "in no time." So when the dinner was cooked, dinner was ready. And Daniel was ready for it. It was now past noon; he had been up since four o'clock; and he had not been idle.

No one who has not tried it can know how fine it is to have a dinner in the woods, cooked over a bed of glowing coals, and eaten with an appetite set on edge by life in the open air.

Was Daniel lonesome without his father and

mother and Squire and all the cabinful of brothers and sisters? Not he. The trees and the brook and the birds were company enough for him. And was he not now at last enjoying the very kind of life he had long wished to live—the free life of the forest?

XII. THE “QUILL PIG”

Our young hermit was awakened from an after dinner doze before his camp fire by the sound of snapping twigs. Leaping to his feet he reached for his rifle. He had left it leaning against a tree. It was not there. It had fallen down. As it fell it crashed through a dry bush, and it was the snapping of the bush that had wakened him.

But why had the rifle fallen? Somebody must have touched it. Who could it have been?

A slight rustling in the bushes, — the whisk of a flat tail covered with quills told the story.

“Quill pig!” said Daniel to himself. “Nosing around the stock of my gun, — for salt, probably. There isn’t anything they won’t do for salt. He’ll be gnawing me next.”

So saying, he made after the porcupine, seizing a stout stick as he ran.

The little animal ran lightly, but not very swiftly, up the hill. Its quills stuck out in every



direction, and its flat tail swept from side to side, ready to strike anybody or anything that ventured too near.

Not far away was a great rock and under it a small cave, two or three feet wide and about a

foot high. Straight into this cave ran the porcupine and prepared to defend himself.

A porcupine's way of defending himself is very peculiar. His whole body is protected by sharp quills, except one very tender spot. That spot is his nose. His precious nose he must defend at all hazards. So he tucks it underneath his body.

His tail, on the other hand, is very tough and strong and is covered with quills that are very easy to drive into the flesh of a man or a dog, but very, very hard to pull out. Moreover, the porcupine's tail is extremely active and can be thrashed about at a great rate as the animal moves it swiftly from side to side, trying to strike its enemy.

So when a brave porcupine fights, instead of facing the foe, he turns his tail to the enemy, stands on his head, and peeps out with his great round black eye from between his foreleg and his body, now from behind one foreleg and now from behind the other.

Daniel, however, made short work of the "quill pig." A few sharp pokes made it too hot for him

in the cave. And when he tried to run for a better fort, he was soon overtaken by the stick; a smart rap on his nose, and it was all over. It wasn't pleasant to kill the creature, but it had to be done. Porcupines are bad sleeping companions, — no better than burglars; and the only thing to do with burglars is to put them out of business.

But while Daniel was attending to the little burglar, a big burglar was plying his trade on the other side of the mountain.

XIII. BIGGER GAME THAN HE BARGAINED FOR

By this time the shadows were growing long on the mountain side. Evening was coming on.

"I must bring that other deer into camp," said Daniel to himself. And shouldering his rifle, he set off up the hill.

When he reached the top, his eye turned first to the spot where he had seen the three deer. With a thrill of pleasure he remembered just how they had looked and just what had happened.

Then as he walked down the slope he looked for the tree in which he had placed the venison.

The tree was there, but the venison was gone!

The boy could hardly believe his eyes. He looked at the tree again and again. There was no doubt about it. The deer meat was not in the tree. It was not on the ground. For that matter, the entrails which he had left where the deer fell were gone too.

Running back up the hill to the spot where he had cut open the young buck, he found that place licked clean too.

The young huntsman's blood was up. Here was bigger game than he had bargained for. Who was the thief? Evidently not a human being. Was it a catamount? Perhaps it was a bear. Whatever it may have been, it was big and it was hungry.

Daniel now examined the tree trunk and the ground for signs. On the trunk above his head were the marks of claws, but they were not the sharp claws of the catamount. In a sandy place just under the tree there were two tracks. A tenderfoot might have thought them the tracks

of a big barefooted man. Our young "scout master" knew them instantly as the tracks of bear.

"So, Mr. Bruin, it was you who stole my venison," said Daniel. "You have told me who you are, and how tall you are; and now perhaps you will tell me where you have gone."

Yes, Mr. Bruin *would* tell where he had gone. He *had* told, in signs plainer than words. For from the foot of the tree there ran a plain trail. After eating his fill of entrails, the big burglar of a bear had reared up on his hind legs, clawed the carcass out of the tree crotch, and dragged it off to his den.

XIV. DANIEL BOONE'S FIRST BEAR

The young bear hunter cocked his gun, looked well to the priming, and started cautiously down the trail. The bear might be near by, or he might be a mile away. Whether he was near or far, Daniel was going to try to "see him first,"—which is always a good plan, whether one is hunting bear burglars or man burglars.

After a few yards the trail became very steep and rocky. And beyond the steep and rocky part it entered a "slash," which is a name woodsmen give to a tangled mass of fallen trees.

"Looks as if a young hurricane had been along here," said Daniel to himself.

Step by step he made his way through the tangle of the slash. All at once he knew that he had lost the trail.

He was no longer following the bear. Maybe the bear was following *him*. He heard the swish of a branch behind him and turned quickly around.

Sure enough. There was the bear — too close even to aim at, at least so it seemed to Daniel.

He felt that he could shoot straighter if he were a little farther away. That is how he used to tell the story afterwards: "I sort o' felt that I could shoot that bear just as well, and perhaps a *leetle* better, if I were farther away."

So he turned and ran, or tried to run, but the slash was too dense. Right ahead of him was a



DANIEL BOONE'S FIRST BEAR

great tree, partly fallen, with its trunk resting on another tree that was standing upright.

Leaping on this partly fallen tree, Daniel ran like a rope walker up the sloping trunk till he reached the lower branches, his soft moccasins making it easy for his feet to cling to the bark.

The bear leaped on the tree too. On he came steadily, but a little more slowly than Daniel had done. He wore a kind of moccasins too, and could climb as well as anybody. Daniel turned, raised his rifle, and fired. The bear stopped, and then came on again growling, while the boy reloaded his gun for dear life.

A second shot — but still the bear came on.

Too late now to load again.

Daniel crawled out on a big limb of the fallen tree, nearly out to the end, and then swung himself to the ground.

The bear started to follow him, changed his mind, turned to go back down the trunk, when a third shot brought him to the ground with a great thud — dead.

Daniel Boone had killed his first bear.

XV. "WAS IT REALLY A BEAR?"

For a minute or two, the young bear hunter stood in the deepening twilight, gazing at the huge black beast lying in a heap at his feet. A proud and very much excited boy was Daniel Boone.

Suddenly the woods seemed to grow lighter.

He looked up. A light flashed in his eyes. It startled him. His first thought was that his father and Lono were looking for him with torches. Then he saw that it was only the rising moon. It was full, and shed a lovely, silvery light through all the forest.

"Who, *who*! Who, *who*!" cried a voice just behind him. It sounded so sharp and so close that even the young woodsman, who had heard hoot owls all his life, nearly jumped out of his moccasins.

All at once he was seized with a strong impulse to go home. He wasn't lonesome. He was very far from being afraid. He simply wanted to go home. He had had enough.

"Besides," said he to himself, "the folks will

be wondering where I am, if I stay out all night. Maybe they'll be worried. Maybe they'll be sending out a search party."

With a parting look at the bear, lying there so big and black and still, he made his way out of the slash, up the steep rocky pitch to the top, past the camp by the spring—which he hardly glanced at—down the long slope to Lonesome Pond.

At the far end he could see the flicker of Lono's camp fire. Near by, among the lilypads, he could hear a soft splashing in the water. Whether it was a fish, or a muskrat, or a deer, he could not tell; and he did not stop to find out, for he was bound for home.

On the beaten trail he broke into a run, and soon was within hailing distance of the cabin.

"Ye-ho-o! Ye-ho-o-o!"

His call was immediately answered by two just like it, one high and shrill, the other deep and strong.

It was his father and Squire. They were out in the clearing, waiting for him.

"Well, Dan, you've made a day of it, sure enough," said his father.

"You must be terribly hungry," said his mother.

"Where's your deer?" said Squire.

"Well, I ate part of one of them —"

"*One* of them!" cried Squire. "Did you shoot more than one?"

"And the bear stole the other."

"*The bear!*" said his father, and his mother, and Squire, all together.

"How do you know it was a bear?" said his brother. "Maybe it was something else, a catamount, or an Indian, or something."

"Maybe it was something else," said Daniel. "But if it was, it's mighty queer that he left the marks of bear claws on the tree; and it's mighty queer that he left a bear footprint on the ground; and it's mighty queer that he wore a bear skin."

"How do you know he wore a bear skin?" asked Squire. "You didn't see him, did you?" Squire evidently wanted to be "shown."

"Yes, it was getting dark, but I am quite sure I saw him," said Daniel. He was perfectly willing to "show" his brother, but he wanted to play with him first.

"Where did you see him?" asked Squire.

"First I saw him in the slash, right behind me; then I saw him climbing up the fallen tree after me; and then I saw him on the ground right at my feet."

"Dead?" asked his mother, quickly.

"Dead as a doornail," said Daniel.

"I'll go there with you in the morning," said his father.

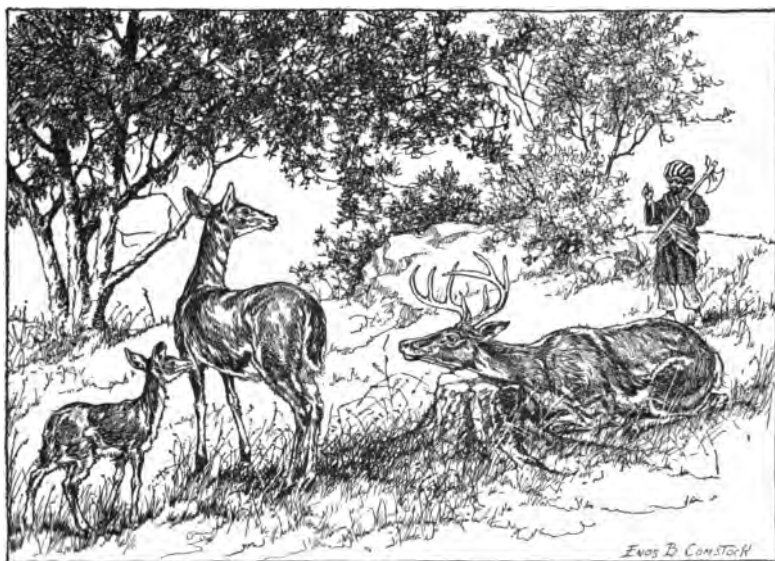
"May I go too?" said Squire eagerly.

"Yes," replied his father, "we'll need you to help carry home the bear skin."

"And to help us tell whether it really is a bear," added Daniel, laughing.

In the cabin before the open fire Daniel told from beginning to end the story of his great day, while his mother gave him a supper of bread and milk, and apple butter, with gingerbread cookies from the stone jar.

And when he had told his story, his father told another story, which ended with the words: "North Carolina is the place to live! Some day we shall move there."



THE BANYAN DEER

Long ago in far India there was a wonderful deer. His color was of gold, his eyes were like round jewels, his horns were like silver, his mouth was as red as a red rose, his hoofs were polished and hard, and his tail was as fine as the finest silk.

He lived in the forest with a herd of five hundred deer, and was called the King of the Banyan Deer. Not far away there lived the King of the Monkey Deer, with a herd as large as his own.

Now the king of that country was fond of venison and went on a deer hunt every day. And because the deer fled before him, he used to ask the people to go with him and help in the chase.

But the people did not like to leave their work and go hunting every day, so they said one to another: "Let us make a park and drive the deer into it. The king may then hunt in the park alone, and we shall not have to leave our work every day."

So having found a place where there were trees and grass and water, they fenced it around, leaving only the gate open.

Then all the people went out into the forest, with clubs and all kinds of weapons in their hands, to look for the deer. They planned to catch the deer by surrounding them; so, starting from the park gate, they formed a great circle,

about nine miles around. And it happened that they surrounded the very place where the Banyan Deer and the Monkey Deer were living.

Then striking the trees and bushes with their clubs and rattling their swords and javelins and bows, they closed in, making the circle smaller and smaller, till the two herds were in the park. Then they shut the gate, and went to tell the king.

“O king,” said they, “whenever you ask us to go hunting with you, you put a stop to our work. We now present you with a park full of deer, where you can easily hunt alone.”

The king went to the park and found the great herd of a thousand deer. And seeing the wonderful King of the Banyan Deer and the other deer king, he granted them their lives.

So day after day the king got his venison from the park. Sometimes he would go himself, and sometimes he would send his cook.

The deer, as soon as they saw either of them coming, would shake with fear and run for their lives. And sometimes several deer would be shot and wounded before one was taken.

The King of the Banyan Deer grieved at this, and sent for the King of the Monkey Deer. "Brother," said he, "our herds are being destroyed. More die of wounds than are needed for food. Now we know that one deer must be slain each day. Why not choose by lot the deer to be killed: one day a deer from my herd; the next day one from yours? Thus will fewer deer be lost."

The Monkey Deer agreed. Each day the deer whose turn it was, would go to the place and lie down with his head on the block, and the cook would come and kill him and carry him off for the king.

One day the lot fell on a mother deer who had a little fawn. She went to the King of the Monkey Deer, and said: "O king, let the lot pass me by till my little fawn is older. If I leave him now he will die. When he is older we will both take our turn with the rest."

But the King of the Monkey Deer said: "The lot has fallen upon you. I cannot make it fall upon another."

So she went to the King of the Banyan Deer. After listening to her, he said: "Go back to your herd. I will find some one to go in your place."

And he went *himself*, and put his neck upon the block, and lay down.

The cook came as at other times, and seeing him, cried out, "The King of the Banyan Deer, whose life the king granted him, is lying with his head on the block." And he went hastily and told the king.

The king, as soon as he heard it, mounted his chariot, and rode swiftly to the place where the deer king was. "My friend," said he, "did I not grant you your life? Why are you lying here?"

"O great king!" replied the golden deer, "a mother deer with her little one came and told me that the lot had fallen upon her. I could not make her lot fall upon another. So I came myself to die in her place."

"O golden-colored King of the Deer!" cried the king, "never have I seen such mercy and such loving-kindness. Rise up. I grant your

life to you ; yea, and to the mother deer also, and to all the deer, whether they feed in the park or in the forest."

Jataka Tales.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight, —
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which
we see,

They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would
be red,

Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum ;

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you
may,

For strife comes with manhood, and waking with
day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE REAL CULPRIT

In a low, grassy meadow, one morning, I found
Such a soft, little, snug, mossy nest ;
And within it, four eggs of the shade of the
ground, —
Ah, — but wait till I tell you the rest.

First, a nimble red squirrel ran down from a tree,
But he did not peep in at the nest ;
He just cracked a few nuts and winked slyly at
me, —
Ah, — but wait till I tell you the rest.

Next, a shining, green snake crept so near, that,
alas,
I had fears for that snug little nest ;
But he glided away through the tall meadow
grass,
And, — but wait till I tell you the rest !

Then I heard the soft tread of a shy meadow
mouse,
But she swiftly sped on, past the nest,

In her search of sweet nuts for her winter store-house,

And, — but wait till I tell you the rest !

For at last, a young truant from school passed that way,

And his quick eye discovered the nest ;

And now a poor mother-bird cries all the day, —

No need now to tell you the rest.

PUSS IN BOOTS

I. HOW PUSS IN BOOTS GOT HIS MASTER A FINE SUIT OF CLOTHES AND AN INTRODUCTION TO THE KING

Once upon a time there was a miller who had three sons, and when he died he left them all he had. To the eldest son he left the mill ; to the second son, the donkey and the cart ; to the youngest, the cat.

This was a fine thing for the eldest, who could make a good living with the mill. It wasn't so bad for the second son, who could easily live on what he earned with the donkey and cart.

— But the youngest wondered how he was going

to get along with only a cat. "I can't kill him and eat him, as if he were an ox; and I can't sell his skin, as if he were a fox; and I can't set him to work, as if he were a horse." Then taking the cat in his arms he said:

"You are a fine cat, Puss. But I cannot think of a single thing you are really good for — except to catch mice, and I haven't so much as a mouse for you to catch."

"Only trust me, and you shall see what I am good for," said the cat. "All I ask is that you get me a large bag and a pair of boots."

"What on earth does he want with a pair of boots and a bag?" thought the boy to himself. "Still he is a wonderful cat. Think of the tricks he plays on the rats and mice. Besides, what else can I do? I will trust my cat."

So he got a big bag with a string run round the top, and had the shoemaker make a pair of yellow boots of the softest leather.

Puss drew on his boots, took the bag, and went to the mill, passing through the garden on the way. In the garden he picked some cabbage

leaves and in the mill he got some bran. He put both into the bag.

Then he went to a rabbit field, laid down his bag, and stretched himself out as stiff and still as if he were dead.

Soon a fine young rabbit hopped up to the bag. He sniffed at the cabbage and the bran. Before he knew it he was in the bag, eating a most delicious dinner.

About this time Puss came to life, drew the strings of the bag, and caught the rabbit.

Then Puss slung the bag over his shoulder and proudly marched in his fine yellow boots to the palace of the king. There he held his head so high that the guards, instead of stopping him, saluted as he passed; and so he was shown at once into the presence of the king.

"Your Majesty," said Puss in Boots, with a grand bow, "my master begs you to accept this rabbit."

"And who is your master?"

"He is the Marquis of Carabas," said the cat; for this was the title which Puss had invented for his master.



"Tell your master," said the king, "that it gives me great pleasure to accept his present." So Puss in Boots left the court, holding his head so high that the very doors opened of themselves to let him pass.

A day or two after, Puss again took his bag, and putting a handful of corn in it, laid it down in a field and stretched himself out stiff and stark as before.

This time it was a brace of partridges that he caught. Shouldering the bag he set off once more

for the palace, and when he came into the king's presence, he said, with a most graceful bow :

“ My master, the Marquis of Carabas, begs that you will do him the honor to accept this brace of partridges from his estate.”

“ Tell your master, the Marquis, that I am pleased to accept his present,” said the king; “ he must have a fine estate.” And he ordered his servants to give Puss in Boots a little present of money for himself.

This went on for several months. Every few days Puss brought some game to the king, who began to think the Marquis of Carabas a famous hunter. One day as Puss was leaving the palace he heard a great piece of news. The king was going to drive along the river that afternoon, and his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, was to be with him.

Puss in Boots lost no time in telling his master. “ And now, dear master,” said he, “ I want you to do exactly as I say. Go and bathe in the river this afternoon, at the place I shall show you ; and leave the rest to me.”

The miller's son did exactly as the cat said, without knowing why or wherefore. While he was in bathing, the king and the princess drove by. Puss ran toward the coach crying, "Help! help! The Marquis of Carabas is drowning."

The king saw that it was Puss in Boots. Instantly stopping the coach he ordered his servants to rescue the drowning Marquis. Meanwhile Puss went up to the coach and stood, hat in hand, bowing to the king and the princess.

"It is indeed a piece of good fortune for my master that you happened to be passing just now," he said; "for you have not only saved his life, but you may do him a great favor besides."

"How is that?" inquired the king.

"While the Marquis was in bathing, some thieves made off with his clothes. I cried 'Thief! thief!' but they got away. It is too far to send to his castle for another suit. Perhaps your Majesty —"

"Say no more," said the king; and he ordered his servants to bring one of his best suits for the Marquis of Carabas.

In a very short time the miller's son was dressed in a splendid suit and looked for all the world like a real Marquis. This pleased the cunning cat, who had himself hidden his master's old clothes under a stone.

Puss in Boots then introduced his master. The Marquis of Carabas was a remarkably handsome young man, as he stood with his plumed hat in his hand, bowing low before the king and the princess. The king was delighted with him, and the princess was charmed with his fine face and his manly bearing. She was glad when her father invited him to sit with them in the royal coach.

II. HOW PUSS IN BOOTS GOT HIS MASTER A FINE ESTATE AND A PRINCESS

Puss in Boots was now in fine spirits. "Everything is working out just as I planned," said he to himself.

Running on before the coach, he came to a meadow, where some men were mowing grass. He called out to them :

"Mowers, listen to me. The king is coming past here in a few minutes. He will ask you,

‘To whom does this field belong?’ You must say, ‘To the Marquis of Carabas, your Majesty.’ If you do not say exactly these words, you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat.”

Soon the coach came near. The king saw the mowers and said to them, “This is a fine crop of hay; to whom does this meadow belong?” And the mowers called out in concert:

“To the Marquis of Carabas, your Majesty.”

“You have a fine piece of land there, Marquis,” said the king.

“Yes, your Majesty,” said the Marquis, easily, “this is a rich piece of ground; it never fails to yield me a plentiful harvest every year.”

Meanwhile Puss in Boots had run on until he came to a field of wheat, which some men were busy reaping. He called the reapers to him, and told them that the king was to pass that way in a very few minutes. “The king will ask you, ‘To whom does this wheat field belong?’ You must reply, ‘It all belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, your Majesty.’”

“And if you do not do exactly as I tell you,

you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat; and that is not a pleasant thing to have happen to one, I can tell you."

So when the king's coach drove by and the king asked the reapers whose wheat field it was, the men called out in concert:

"It all belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, your Majesty."

So it went with every field they passed. The king was amazed. The Marquis took it all as a matter of course. It was easy to see that he was a very great person and that he had been one all his life. The princess, who now and then stole a glance at him, began to think him a very fine young fellow, indeed.

The Master Cat came at last to a great castle, where lived an ogre, the richest ever known; for it was to him and not to the "Marquis of Carabas" that all the land about belonged.

Going boldly up to the door, he knocked, and when the ogre himself opened it, Puss made one of his most graceful and courtly bows. He also made this graceful and elegant speech:

“Happening to be near this splendid castle, I felt that I must do myself the honor of paying my respects to its owner.”



The ogre was amazed to receive a visit from a cat that held his head so high, and used such elegant language, and wore such yellow boots. Inviting him in, the ogre made his visitor sit down.

“I have been told,” said the cat, “that you can change yourself into any sort of animal you please. Is that true?”

"That is true," said the ogre, "and I will prove it." Instantly the ogre vanished, and in his place there was a roaring lion, that made a dash at Puss and almost frightened him out of his boots.

"Well, what do you think of that?" said the ogre, when he had changed himself back again.

"Wonderful!" said Puss in Boots. "But it would be still more wonderful if you would turn yourself into some tiny animal, a mouse, for instance. I have heard that you can do that, but I must say I think it impossible."

"Impossible?" said the ogre, or rather he *begun* to say it, for he changed himself so swiftly into a little mouse that the word ended in a squeak.

With one pounce Puss was upon him. One shake, and the ogre was dead.

By this time the king, the princess, and the handsome young Marquis had reached the gates of the castle. And there stood Puss in Boots to receive them.

"Welcome, your Majesty," cried he, bowing till

the tips of his ears almost reached the ground, "welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas."

The king was filled with amazement. "And does this splendid castle also belong to you, my lord? I never saw anything half so fine. Pray allow us to enter."

"Your Majesty is welcome!" said the young man, bowing low. So the king stepped down from the coach and went toward the castle. The young man gave his hand to the princess, and together they walked up the steps. The Master Cat proudly led the way.

They passed into a great hall, where they found a feast spread. The ogre had asked some friends to dine with him that day, but the Master Cat had sent them all away.

The king was charmed with everything — the castle, the feast, and the Marquis himself. The princess was charmed with everything — but with the Marquis most of all. The Marquis too was charmed with everything, — but with the princess more than all the rest put together.

When they rose from the table, the king said in

a low voice to the Marquis: "It will be your own fault if you are not my son-in-law."

So the Marquis married the princess, and they lived long and happily in the ogre's castle. Puss in Boots lived with them, and was of great help to them, with his fine bearing, his graceful and courtly bows, his elegant speeches, — and his yellow boots.

CHARLES PERRAULT.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

I. THE CHARM

Once upon a time there lived a king and a queen who had everything that heart could wish — except one thing. They had no child. And they longed for a child more than for anything else in the world.

Every day of their lives they said to each other, "O that we might have a little son or a little daughter!"

One day when the queen was bathing in the cool water of the palace fountain she heard a voice that said:

“You shall have your wish. Next year in the time of wild roses, a lovely rosebud shall bloom for you.”

And so it was. In about a year, in the time of wild roses, the queen had a little baby daughter who was lovelier than the sweetest rose that ever bloomed.

No words can tell the happiness of the king and queen, and all the people were glad with them. Bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and the whole kingdom was one blaze of joy.

The christening was a very grand affair. All the great people of the land were invited, and all the fairies besides, or rather, all but one. For there were thirteen of these fairies; but as the king had only twelve gold plates to set before them, he invited only twelve. Besides, the thirteenth fairy hadn't been seen or heard of for more than fifty years, and it was thought she had left the kingdom for good.

These twelve fairies were to be godmothers to the young princess.

After the christening all the company returned

to the palace, where a great feast had been spread for all the invited guests. Before each of the fairy godmothers was set a magnificent golden plate with a golden knife and a golden fork studded with diamonds and rubies.

Just as the guests were seating themselves, in rushed the old fairy who had not been invited. The king ordered that a plate should be set for her, but as there were no more golden plates the best that could be done was to give her a plate of silver.

The old fairy, who was in a towering rage because she had not been bidden to the feast, looked with disdain upon her silver plate and kept mumbling angrily to herself under her breath.

The youngest of the fairy godmothers, seeing the old crone's rage and fearing that she might work some evil to their goddaughter, went and hid herself behind some heavy curtains in the hall, that she might have the last word and thus be able to undo any harm which might be wrought by the old fairy.

At the end of the feast, each of the fairies



THE TWELFTH FAIRY BESTOWING HER GIFT

waved her magic wand over their little god-daughter and gave her a magic gift. One gave her beauty; another health; a third kindness of heart; and a fourth gracefulness; a fifth cleverness and wit, and so on, till it seemed that the princess would have everything that was best in all the world.

But when the turn of the old fairy came, she strode to the baby's cradle and without greeting or sign of respect to the king or queen, she cried out in a loud and angry voice, saying that the princess should pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. Then, without speaking another word to anyone, but with a spiteful look at the king and queen, she stalked from the hall.

Everyone was speechless with horror until the twelfth fairy stepped from behind the curtain and waved her wand over the baby princess.

"Be of good cheer, O king and queen," said she, "your daughter shall not so die. It is true. I cannot entirely undo what our elder sister has done. The princess will indeed pierce her hand with a spindle, but she shall not die of the

wound. Instead, she shall only fall into a deep sleep which shall last one hundred years, and at the end of that time a king's son shall come and wake her."

The king, hoping to prevent what the old fairy had foretold, at once issued a command that every spinning wheel and every spindle in all his dominions should be broken up and burned and that no one in all his kingdom should keep a spindle in his house, on pain of instant death.

As the princess grew, the fairy gifts began to show themselves. She was as good as she was beautiful, and as wise as she was good. The old fairy's prophecy was forgotten, and so the years slipped by until the princess was fifteen. Then it happened one day that the king and queen went out riding together, leaving the princess in the palace alone.

After playing ball with herself for a while, she began to explore the palace in search of adventures. Many out-of-the-way rooms she visited till at last she came to a little winding stairway that led to a queer little door. A rusty key was in the

lock; the princess turned it; and, as the door flew open, she saw in the little tower room an old woman with a spinning wheel, spinning soft white yarn.

“Good day, mother,” said the princess; “what are you doing?”

“I am spinning,” answered the old woman, nodding her head.

“Oh, how I should like to spin!” cried the princess. “What fun it would be to make that queer thing go round and round. Please let me try.”

But when she had put out her hand to take the spindle, she pricked her finger on its sharp point and at once fell back upon the bed and lay in a deep sleep.

In that very moment everybody and everything in the palace stopped what they were doing, and fell fast asleep too.

The king and queen, who had just returned and were in the great hall, fell asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies

on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still and slept like the rest. The meat on the spit ceased sizzling, and the cook, who was going to box the scullion's ears for some blunder he had made, let him go, and they both went to sleep, — the cook's hand raised and ready to strike, and the scullion's mouth open ready to roar with pain. Even the wind ceased blowing, and not a leaf stirred in the trees about the palace.

II. THE CHARM IS SNAPT

Then round about the palace there sprang up a hedge of brier roses, which grew higher and thicker, as time went on, until at last the whole palace was hidden from view, save only the top of the tallest tower.

As the years went by, people began to forget about the palace. But there were some who remembered the story of the Princess Brier Rose, for so she was called; and they told the story to their children, who thought it was just a fairy tale. But from time to time a prince would hear the tale of the Sleeping Princess and would try to

force his way through the thick hedge. But all in vain; thorns caught the young men and held them, so that they could not get away, and thus they perished.

Long years afterward there came a king's son into the country, who heard an old man tell of a palace standing behind a hedge of thorns, and of a beautiful enchanted princess named Brier Rose who had slept there for a hundred years, with the king and queen and their whole court.

"And I have been told by my grandfather," said the old man, "that many kings' sons have tried to pass the thorn hedge, but were caught and pierced by the thorns, until they perished."

Then the young man said: "I am not afraid; I shall win through and see the beautiful Brier Rose."

The old man tried his best to persuade him not to risk his life, but all in vain. For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Brier Rose should be awakened.

When the prince drew near to the hedge of



thorns, he found it changed into a hedge of lovely flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him. On he walked through the path that opened before him, while the flowers nodded and smiled on him and the thorns looked the other way.

When he came to the other side, there was the stately palace, just as the old man had told him. Not a sound broke the stillness, not a leaf whispered in the breeze. The horses and the

hunting dogs were lying asleep in the palace yard; and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings.

Going indoors, he saw the flies on the wall asleep, the cook in the kitchen with her hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid with a black fowl on her lap ready to pluck.

Then he went on into the great hall and saw the whole court asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and queen.

On he went, with everything around so still that he could hear his own breathing, till he came to the little winding stair, and so up to the room where the Sleeping Princess lay.

Fast asleep she lay, her lovely face turned towards him, just as she had sunk to rest a hundred years before. Nothing was changed, except that now above and around the couch was a canopy of brier roses, protecting her as she slept. The flowers breathed their fragrance around her, and the sharp thorns guarded her from all harm.

The prince stood still in wonder and delight. Then he stooped and kissed her; and she opened her eyes and looked kindly on him; then she rose and they went forth together.

Now at that very moment when the princess opened her eyes, everybody and everything in the palace also awoke.

The king and queen and the whole court roused themselves and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment.

The horses in the yard got up and shook themselves; the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails; the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew into the field; and the flies on the wall began to buzz. The kitchen fire, also, leaped up and blazed and began to cook the dinner, while the joint on the spit began to sizzle again. As for the cook, she gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he sent forth a roar from his already open mouth, while the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Meanwhile the great hedge of brier roses sank

down till it vanished in the earth, and not even a bud was left.

Then the wedding of the prince and his Brier Rose was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

GRIMM'S Fairy Tales.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

I. BEAUTY AT HOME

There was once a rich merchant who had six children, three sons and three daughters; he loved them as he loved his life, and was always seeking to make them happy, wise, and good.

The daughters were all fine looking; but the youngest was beautiful. From a child she was called "Beauty," and as she grew up, becoming lovelier every year, the name clung to her: she was always known as Beauty and never had any other name.

Now Beauty was as good as she was beautiful; but her elder sisters were jealous of her, and angry because she was called Beauty. They put on great airs, too, because they were rich; and

they were so proud that they would have nothing to do with other merchants' daughters. They spent their time in gayety; and when they were not at a ball or the theater, they were walking or driving through the streets of the town. They laughed at Beauty, who lived quietly at home with her father, reading good books and making herself useful.

Many merchants' sons wished to marry these three sisters; but the two eldest always said that they could never think of marrying any one below a duke, or at the very least a count. As for Beauty, she dismissed her lovers kindly, saying that as she was still very young, she wished to live a few years longer with her father.

Then, all at once, the merchant lost his great wealth. Nothing was left but one small house in the country, and there the poor man told his children they must go and earn their bread by daily toil.

The two eldest daughters refused to go; "for," said they, "we have plenty of lovers who will be only too glad to marry us, even though we have

lost our fortune." But they were mistaken : their lovers would not even look at them now, but jeered 'at them, saying, "Let them be 'fine ladies' now while tending the sheep."

But people behaved quite differently toward Beauty. Everyone felt sorry that she was in trouble and wished her well. Several of her admirers wanted to marry her, although she had not a penny. Beauty refused, saying that she could not think of leaving her father now. "He is in trouble," said she, "and my place is by his side. I want to comfort and help him all I can."

As for Beauty herself, though she was sorry to lose her riches, she knew that moping and crying would not mend matters, and she made up her mind to be cheerful and happy in spite of ill-fortune.

II. BEAUTY'S REQUEST

Soon they were settled in the small house in the country. The merchant and his sons worked all day in the fields. Beauty rose at four o'clock every morning, put the house in order, and got breakfast for the family. It was very hard at

first, for she was new to such work, and no one helped her. But the work soon grew easier, and Beauty became stronger and rosier day by day. When her work for the day was over, she would read or play on her harp, or sit at her spinning wheel, singing as she spun.

But her two sisters found life very dull; and no wonder. They stayed in bed till ten o'clock, and the rest of the day they spent in moping and fretting. Their only amusement was to talk of the fine clothes they used to wear and the fine parties they used to attend; and as there were neither fine clothes nor fine parties now, their talk brought them more pain than pleasure. They jeered at Beauty and called her stupid to be contented with so miserable a life. But Beauty did not mind them and was as patient and cheerful as ever.

The family had lived thus for a year, when one day the merchant had a letter. It brought the news that a ship laden with rich goods belonging to him had not been lost, but had just come into port. The two elder sisters were wild with

delight at this good news; for now they could leave the stupid country and go back to the gay town.

As their father was starting for the city, they begged him to bring them back fine gowns and caps and headdresses and all manner of gay trifles. Beauty asked for nothing.

Then her father turned to her and said, "What shall I bring you, Beauty?"

"Why, since you ask me, dear father, I should like you to bring me a rose, for none grow here." And this she said not because she cared so much for a rose, but because she did not wish to seem to set herself above her sisters, by asking for nothing at all when they were demanding so much.

III. THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

So the good man went to the city; but his business turned out badly. The ship had come in, but he had to go to law about the goods. The end of it all was that he turned towards his home as poor as he was before.

When he was within thirty miles of his home,

while riding through a great forest, he lost his way. It was snowing hard; the wind almost blew him from his horse; night was closing in and he could hear wolves howling around him. The poor man began to be afraid that he might die of hunger and cold or be eaten by the wolves.

Just as he was about to give himself up for lost, he saw a light. It was a great way off, at the end of a long avenue of trees. He turned his horse towards it, and soon saw that it came from a splendid castle. The merchant thanked God for the help that had been sent him, and hastened on. When he reached the castle, the windows were all lighted, and the door stood open; but not a person was in sight.

The door of the stable was also open, and his horse walked in. A manger full of hay and oats was there, and the poor beast began eating eagerly. The merchant tied the horse to the stall and went toward the castle.

He knocked at the door, but no one came. He walked in; there was nobody there. But a fire was burning on the hearth, and there was a good

supper on the table, which was set for one person.

Being wet to the skin with rain and snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself. "The master of the house will surely pardon the liberty I am taking," he thought; "no doubt he will soon appear."

He waited a long time, but no one came. The clock struck eleven. Then, faint from want of food, he went to the table and ate a little; and then more and more, until he was no longer hungry. But all the time he was in fear that someone would come and find him there.

Still, no one came. The clock struck twelve. He left the dining hall and passed through room after room, all beautifully furnished, until he came to one where there was a comfortable bed. It was made up, and so, as he was very tired, he lay down and went to sleep.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when he awoke. He looked for his clothes, which he had placed on a chair by the side of the bed. They were old and worn and had been ruined by the

storm. But they were not there; in their place there was a splendid suit of velvet perfectly new.

"This castle," said the surprised merchant to himself, "must belong to some good fairy. It is enchanted."

He went to the window: the snow had gone and there was a lovely garden full of flowers.

Putting on his velvet clothes he went into the dining hall, where he found the table again set for one, with a delicious breakfast of fruit and bread and chocolate. Before sitting down to eat he said aloud, "I thank you, good madam fairy, for all your kindness to me."

IV. THE BEAST'S ROSE GARDEN

After breakfast the merchant went out to get his horse. On the way he passed through the flower garden. Seeing some beautiful roses, he remembered Beauty, and plucked one for her.

No sooner had he done this, than he heard a frightful roar, and saw a dreadful creature like an ogre coming toward him. He was so frightened that he could hardly stand.

“Ungrateful man!” cried the Beast in a terrible voice; “I saved your life, and this is your gratitude! I took you into my castle, gave you food to eat and a bed to sleep in, and now you steal my roses, which I love more than anything else in the world. You shall pay for this with your life!”

The poor man threw himself on his knees before the Beast, and begged for his life. “I pray you, my lord, to forgive me. I had no thought of doing wrong. I only picked a rose. It was for one of my daughters. She asked me to bring her one. It was all she asked. I beg you not to kill me, my lord.”

“Don’t call me ‘my lord,’” said the monster, roughly. “I am a Beast. I hate fine talk and flattery. I like people to speak right out and say what they mean. Now you say you have some daughters. I will pardon you if one of them will come and die in your stead. Don’t stop to argue. Go! and if none of them will come, swear that you yourself will return in three months.”

The merchant had not the least idea of letting



THE MERCHANT AND THE BEAST

this monster have one of his daughters. But he wished to see his family once more before he died, and so he gave his promise.

"Very well," said the Beast. "And now I do not want you to go from here with empty hands. Go back to the room in which you slept. There you will find a large empty trunk. Fill it with anything you find in the castle, and I will send it to your house."

With these words the Beast went away, and the merchant returned to the castle.

V. BEAUTY'S RESOLVE

The merchant returned to the room where he had passed the night. The floor was covered with gold. He filled the trunk with gold pieces, and fastened down the lid. "If I must die," said he, "I will at least provide for my family."

Then he led his horse from the stable, mounted him, and rode away. In a few hours he was at his home.

His children came out joyfully to greet him. But their poor father could not conceal his

sadness. Instead of finding pleasure in their caresses, he began to weep. In his hand was the rose he had brought for Beauty.

"Take it," he said kindly, "but you little know what it has cost." Then he told them all his sad adventure.

The two eldest daughters, when they heard it, began to cry aloud and scream, and then turned on Beauty and blamed her as the cause of it all.

"It is her pride that has brought us to this," said they. "Why couldn't she have asked for fine dresses, as we did? But no, she was too proud for that. She had to ask for something different. And now just look at her! She has killed her father, and she doesn't even shed a tear!"

"That would be of little use," said Beauty, quietly. "Besides he isn't going to die. I shall go in his stead. The monster is willing to accept one of the daughters. I am willing and glad to go, for by so doing I shall have the joy of saving my dear father and of proving my love for him."

"No, no, sister," cried the three brothers,

"you shall not die; we will go and find out this monster, and either kill him or be killed by him."

"Alas!" said their father, "you do not know the Beast. He is more mighty than you think. I fear that there is no way to destroy him. Your love fills me with gladness; but you must stay and care for your sisters. And as for my Beauty, I cannot let her give her young life to save me, who am old and have but a little while to live."

"I have made up my mind, dear father," said Beauty quietly; "you shall not return to that castle without me. You cannot keep me from following you. I had far rather be slain by the monster than die of grief at your death."

In vain they argued and pleaded with her. Beauty was firm. But her sisters were not sorry; for they were jealous of her goodness.

When the merchant went to his room, what was his surprise to find the trunk of gold! In his grief at losing his daughter he had forgotten the promise of the Beast.

He decided not to tell his children of his new riches, for he was sure his daughters would tease

him to go back to town to live. He told his secret, however, to Beauty.

He learned from her that during his absence two young men had called and had proposed to her sisters. She begged her father to let them marry; for in her goodness of heart she freely forgave them all the unkindness they had shown her.

VI. "YOU ALONE ARE QUEEN AND MISTRESS"

When the day came for returning to the Beast, Beauty made ready to go with her father. The brothers and sisters wept as they bade them good-by. The brothers shed real tears, but the false sisters rubbed their eyes with onions so as to make tears; for they did not really care.

The horse took the right road, knowing well the way. As evening fell, the castle came in view, brightly lighted as before. The horse went straight to his stall. The merchant and Beauty went up the steps of the castle, and passing through the open door found themselves in the dining hall, where they saw that the table was splendidly laid for two.

The merchant had not the heart to eat; but Beauty, doing her best to appear cheerful, ate some of the delicious food herself, and tried to persuade her father to eat also.

After supper there was a great roar as before. "It is the Beast," said the merchant, embracing his daughter as if for the last time. The Beast entered. Beauty could not help trembling when she saw him approaching, but she did her best not to appear afraid.

"Did you come of your own free will?" said the Beast to Beauty.

"Yes," said Beauty, still trembling.

"You are very good. I thank you," said the Beast. Then turning to the father he said: "Good man, to-morrow morning you will leave. Never come here again. Good night, Beauty."

"Good night, Beast," she replied; and the Beast walked off.

"Alas! my daughter," said the merchant, clasping her in his arms, "I cannot bear it. You must not stay. Go, and leave me here."

"No, my father," said Beauty, steadily. "You

will go to-morrow. I shall remain. Think of me as under Heaven's protection."

They went to bed, thinking that there would be no sleep for them that night. But no sooner had they lain down than their eyes closed and they sank into peaceful slumber.

In her dreams there appeared to Beauty a lady, who thus spoke to her :

"I have pleasure in your kindness of heart, Beauty ; your good deed in saving your father's life will not be without its reward."

When she awoke, Beauty told her father of her dream, and they were both a little comforted. Yet it was hard for them to part.

After her dear father had gone, Beauty went back to the dining hall, and then began weeping softly to herself. Her father was gone. She had little hope of seeing him again. The thought of the Beast filled her with dread. She feared that she had but one day more to live. Is it any wonder she wept?

But Beauty was brave, as well as kind and true. "I am in God's hands," she whispered to

herself. "Even if this is my last day, I will make the most of it." And so, drying her eyes, she started out to explore the castle.

Almost the first thing she saw was a door over which was written *Beauty's Room*. Hastily opening the door, she found herself in a lovely room, with books, music, and a harp, and many beautiful things.

"What a lovely room!" she cried aloud, "and it is mine!" And then she added sadly, "— but only for one day!" But quickly the thought came to her: "It cannot be for only one day: there is more here than I could begin to enjoy in one day or in many, many days." And this thought gave her courage.

She went to the bookcase, opened it, and took out a book. In it was written in letters of gold:

Wish and you shall have.

Command and it shall be obeyed.

You alone are queen and mistress here.

"Alas!" said she, in a low voice to herself, "I wish for nothing so much as to see my dear

father again, and to know what he is doing at this moment."

The words had scarcely fallen from her lips when, happening to look in a large mirror, she saw her home, and her father, just returning, and her sisters coming out to meet him. His face was sad, and she could see that they were trying to make their faces look sad, too; but it was plain to be seen that they were really glad to see him returning alone.

In another moment the picture had faded away. Beauty was grateful to the Beast for granting her wish; and she thought, "Why should I be so afraid of him, even though he is a Beast, when he is so kind-hearted?"

At noon she found dinner ready for her, and sweet music sounded as she ate; but not a person was to be seen.

VII. "NO, BEAST"

In the evening, just as she was sitting down to her supper, she heard the sound of the Beast's voice, and could not help shuddering. "Beauty,"

said the monster to her, "will you allow me to look on while you are eating your supper?"

"You are master here," replied Beauty, trembling.

"Not so," rejoined the Beast, "it is you who alone are mistress; if I annoy you, you have only to tell me to go, and I will leave you at once. But confess now, you think me very ugly, do you not?"

"That is true," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie; but I think you are very kind."

"You are right," said the monster; "but, besides being ugly, I am also stupid; I know well enough that I am only a Beast."

"No one is stupid who believes himself to be so," said Beauty. "Really stupid people are too stupid to know how stupid they are."

"Eat, Beauty," said the monster to her, "and try not to be sad in your own house; for everything here belongs to you. I should be very sorry if you were unhappy."

"You are kindness itself," said Beauty. "You are so good that it makes me happy; when I

think of how kind you are, you no longer appear so ugly."

"If I had wit enough," responded the Beast, "I would make you a pretty answer in return for your words. But I am too stupid for that, and all I can say is that I am very grateful to you."

Beauty ate her supper with a good appetite. She had lost almost all her fear of the monster, but she almost died of fright when he said, "Beauty, will you be my wife?"

She sat for a while without answering; she was afraid she might arouse the monster's anger by refusing him. Nevertheless she finally said, trembling, "No, Beast." At this the poor monster sighed, and the terrible sound he made echoed throughout the castle. Then, after sadly bidding her good-by, he left the room, turning his head from time to time to look at her again.

A strong feeling of pity for the Beast came over Beauty when she was left alone. "Alas," she said, "it is a pity he is so ugly, for he is so good."

VIII. THE VISIT

Beauty spent three months in the castle, more or less happily. The Beast paid her a visit every evening, and talked with her as she ate her supper, showing good sense in his talk. Every day Beauty discovered some new good quality in the monster. She grew used to his ugliness and did not fear his visits. She would often look at her watch to see if it was nearly nine o'clock, for the Beast always arrived at just that hour. There was only one thing which caused distress to Beauty, and that was that every evening, before retiring, the monster asked her if she would be his wife, and always appeared so sorry at her refusal. One day she said to him :

“You grieve me, Beast ; I wish it were possible for me to marry you, but I cannot imagine that such a thing could ever happen. I shall always be your friend. Try to be satisfied with that.”

“I suppose I must,” replied the Beast ; “I know I am horrible to look upon, but I love you very much. However, I am happy that you con-

sent to remain here; promise me that you will never leave me."

The color came into Beauty's face; her mirror had shown her that her father was ill with grief at losing her, and she was hoping to see him again.

"I will promise never to leave you," said Beauty to him; "but I do so long to see my father again. I shall die of sorrow if you refuse me the pleasure of seeing him."

"I would rather die myself," said the monster, "than give you pain. I will send you home to your father. You will stay there, and your poor Beast will die of grief at your absence."

"No, no," said Beauty, crying; "I care for you too much to wish to cause your death; I promise to return in a week's time. You have let me see that my sisters are married, and that my brothers have entered the army. My father is all alone; let me remain with him a week."

"You shall be with him to-morrow morning; but remember your promise. When you wish to return, you have only to put your ring on the table before going to bed. Farewell, Beauty."

The Beast gave his usual sigh as he said these words, and Beauty went to bed feeling troubled at the thought of the sorrow she had caused him.

When she awoke the following morning, she found herself at home. She rang a little bell that stood beside her bed, and the maidservant who came in gave a loud cry of astonishment at seeing her there. Her father ran in at hearing the cry, and was almost beside himself with joy at seeing his dear daughter alive and safe.

Beauty, after her first joy was over, remembered that she had no clothes with her. But the servant told her that she had just found a trunk in the next room, in which were dresses of silk and velvet trimmed with diamonds. Beauty thanked the kind Beast for his thoughtfulness.

She took out the least costly of the dresses, and told the maid to lock the others away again, as she wished to give them to her sisters; but she had no sooner uttered these words, than the trunk disappeared. Her father said to her that the Beast evidently wished her to keep them all for herself, and the trunk and dresses immediately reappeared.

IX. THE DREAM

Beauty dressed herself, and meanwhile, news of her arrival was sent to her sisters, who came in haste with their husbands.

Her sisters nearly died of envy when they saw Beauty dressed like a princess and beautiful as the day. In vain was she good to them. Nothing could stifle their jealousy, which only increased when she told them how happy she was.

The two jealous creatures went into the garden, that they might cry more at their ease. They said to each other: "Why should this wretched little thing be happier than we are? Are we not more attractive than she is?"

"Sister," said the eldest one, "I have an idea; let us try to keep her here over the week. Her stupid old Beast will be angry at her for breaking her word, and perhaps he will devour her."

"You are right, sister," replied the other; "to carry out our plan, we must appear very loving and kind to her."

And having settled this they went back to the

house and were so affectionate to her, that Beauty cried for joy. When the week drew to a close, the two sisters showed such signs of grief at her departure, that she promised to stay a week longer. Beauty, however, blamed herself for the sorrow she would cause her poor Beast, whom she loved with all her heart; and she began to miss him very much.

On the tenth night of her absence, she dreamed that she was in the garden of the castle, and that she saw the Beast lying on the grass. He seemed to be dying. Beauty awoke with a start, and wept.

"I am indeed wicked," she said, "to behave so ungratefully to the Beast who has been so kind to me! Is it his fault that he is ugly and that he is not clever? He is good, and that is worth more than everything else. Why did I refuse to marry him? The Beast is honest and good. I do not love him, but I respect him. I will not make him unhappy; should I do so, I should be sorry for it as long as I live."

With these words Beauty rose, placed her ring

on a table, and lay down again. The moment she was in bed, she fell asleep, and when she awoke next morning, she saw with delight that she was back in the Beast's castle. She dressed herself, and waited for the Beast's coming. But the hour came, and the Beast did not appear.

X. THE REWARD OF A NOBLE CHOICE

Then Beauty began to fear that she had caused his death. She ran through the castle, calling aloud for him. After having looked everywhere, she remembered her dream, and ran into the garden toward the water, where she had seen him in her sleep. She found the poor Beast stretched on the ground, and she thought he was dead.

Forgetting her dread of his appearance, she threw herself upon him, and feeling that his heart was still beating, she brought some water and sprinkled it on his head. The Beast opened his eyes and said to Beauty:

"You forgot your promise. In my grief at losing you, I determined to let myself die of hunger."

"No, my dear Beast, you shall not die," exclaimed Beauty. "You shall live to be my husband."

As Beauty uttered these words the castle became suddenly filled with light. She looked up to see what had happened; but only for a moment, for she quickly turned to her dear Beast. What was her surprise to find that he was not there! In his place was a young Prince more beautiful than the day, who was smiling up at her and thanking her for having released him from enchantment.

"But where is the Beast?" said poor Beauty, who, although she could not help admiring the Prince, was still true to her own dear Beast.

"You see him at your feet," replied the Prince. "I was the Beast, and you alone have loved me for what I was. And I cannot, even by offering you my crown, repay you for what you have done."

Beauty gave the young Prince her hand, to help him to rise. They passed side by side into the castle, and Beauty was still happier when



BEAUTY AND THE PRINCE

she found her father and all her family in the dining hall. The beautiful lady whom she had seen in her dream had brought them there.

"Beauty," said the lady, who was a famous fairy, "receive the reward of your noble choice. You preferred goodness to beauty or intelligence, and you therefore deserve to find all these things in one person. You are soon to become a great queen. I trust your high position will not spoil your goodness."

"As for you," said the fairy, turning to Beauty's sisters, "I know your hearts and all the evil in them. Be turned, therefore, into statues, but preserve your consciousness beneath the stone that will inclose you. You will remain at the entrance of your sister's palace, where you can always see her happiness. You will not be able to take again your present forms, until you are sorry for your evil deeds. But I fear that you will long remain statues. Nothing short of a miracle can convert such bad and envious hearts as yours."

The fairy then gave a tap with her wand, and

all those assembled in the dining hall were immediately carried into the Prince's kingdom. His subjects received him with joy. He married Beauty, who lived with him a long life of perfect happiness.

MADAME DE BEAUMONT (*Adapted*).

THE CHILD'S WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mill,
And talks to itself on the top of the hill.

You friendly earth, how far you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles!

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside of me seemed to say —
“You are more than the earth, though you are
such a dot;
You can love and think, and the earth cannot.”

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

THE IRISH LAD WHO WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

There was once an Irish lad whose mother was a widow, and one day he went out from his mother's cottage to seek his fortune.

And as he was going out his mother handed him a letter. “It is a letter your father wrote,” said she; “and he told me to give it to you the day you should go out to seek your fortune.”

So the lad took the letter, opened it, and read it. And it gave directions to go to a certain cliff, where he would find a flagstone with a keyhole and a key, and it bade him turn the key and take out what he would find.



THE IRISH LAD STARTING OUT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

So he went to the cliff and he opened the flagstone, and under it he found a good suit and a horse, and he put on the suit, and he got on the horse.

"How long will you stay on me?" says the horse.

"As long as the saddle is under me," says he.

"That is not enough," says the horse.

"Well, as long as the skin is left on you," says he.

"That will do," says the horse.

So he rode on till he came to the court of the King of Munster, who had never spoken a word and never laughed for seven years.

The Irish lad went in and asked the king why he had been seven years without speaking a word.

"It is because my daughter was taken away from me," says he, "by Cragill that beat me in battle and that no man can beat; for he has the strength of a man in every hair."

"I will go and bring her back to you," says the Irish lad.

So they made ready a cake for him, and off he

rode till he met an old man. And he asked the old man if he knew where Cragill was living.

"I never came to the place where he was living," said the old man, "and I have been walking for the last four hundred years."

The Irish lad went on then till he came to a wood, where he met with a white hound, searching after food.

"Are you hungry?" says the Irish lad.

"Not I," says the hound, "but the young ones I have are hungry."

So he gave her the half of the cake, and she was very thankful, and she said she would come to his help at any time he was in need of her. All he had to do was to give a call for her, or a whistle.

He went on till he came to the seashore, and he sat down to eat the half of the cake he had left. But there came a hawk and asked for a share of it, and he gave her a share.

"Can you give me any tidings of Cragill and of where he is living?" says he to the hawk.

"I went there once," says the hawk; "and I

will give you a little canoe to go in. But there is no one who knows where his life is or where he has it hid. Call to me if I can give you help," says she, "and any good any one can do I'll do for you."

So he went in the boat, and it had charms in it that brought him as far as Cragill's house. The King's daughter saw him coming, and she ran out to meet him.

"A thousand welcomes to you," says she, "for I thought I never should see one of Ireland's men again."

Then he told her he had come to bring her back to her father in Munster.

"Oh, what can I do with you now," says she, "for when Cragill comes home he will kill you?"

Before evening she hid him in a box; and Cragill came in with a heavy deer upon his shoulders. He put it through the fire, and through the ashes, and through his long, cold teeth, and there was not a bit left but the bones. "Fru, fra, feasog," he says then; "I feel the

smell of a sweet-voiced liar of an Irishman in some place that is not far off."

"My dear and my love, and my man that is better than his father," says the King's daughter, "it is only that I myself was on the top of the house, and there came a little bird from Ireland and perched upon my hand."

"Maybe so, maybe so," says he.

"If you should get your death," says the King's daughter, "what would I do, left alone in this strange house?"

"Oh," says he, "I shall never get my death; for there is no one knows where the life of my body is hid."

"Oh, and where is it?" says the King's daughter.

"It is in the green plot that is outside the door," says he.

He went out in the morning, and the King's daughter rose up, and took roses and posies of every sort, and put them out on the green plot. And she let the Irish lad come out in the daytime, and she put him back in the box at night.

When Cragill came to the house in the evening, there was a big beast upon his shoulders, and he put it through the fire, and through the ashes, and through his long, cold teeth, and there was not a bit left on it. "Fru, fra, feasog; I get the smell of the sweet-voiced lying Irishman in my house to-night," says he.

"My love, and my secret, there is nothing at all in the house but what used to be in it," says she.

"There is, and more," says he.

"Oh, I was up at the top of the castle, and a little bird from Ireland came and perched on my head," says she.

"Maybe so, maybe so," says Cragill. He went out then. "What is the reason the green plot is full of roses and posies?" says he.

"Didn't I hear you say," says she, "that is the place where your life is?"

"Oh," says he, "if you knew the place where my life is, would you have affection for it?"

"I would indeed be fond of it," says she.

"Well," says he, "there is a green holly bush

on the brink of the sea, and it is inside of that tree my life is, and I will never get my death till the lad from Ireland comes and cuts down that tree with his sword, and that is a thing that will not happen forever.”

In the morning Cragill went out to the wood, and the lad from Ireland took his sword and began to cut the holly-tree. And he had it nearly cut through, when a red fox ran out from the roots, and in that fox was Cragill's life. Then the Irish lad gave a call and a whistle, and the white hound from the woods came and followed after the fox, and they were going up and down and hither and yon, everywhere, till at last the hound got a grip on the fox. But with that it changed into a bird and went flying up high over the tide.

“Oh, where is now the gray hawk of the dark earth?” says the Irish lad. So the hawk was there on the minute, and she made a dart at the bird in the air, and caught it in her claws and killed it, so that it dropped into the sea, and at that minute Cragill dropped dead where he was, and there was an end of him.

They gathered all he had of riches, and they went back to the King of Munster's house. The king was very glad to see them coming home. "You must take my daughter now," says the king, "and you can join and be married to each other." So the Irish lad sent for his mother. And he and the King's daughter were married and wedded together, and there was a wedding feast for a year and a day for them, and it was as good the last day as at the first.

Irish Fairy Tale.

PUNCHKIN AND THE PRINCE

I. THE PRINCE'S FATHER, MOTHER, AND SIX UNCLES FALL UNDER PUNCHKIN'S POWER

Once upon a time there was a Raja who had seven beautiful daughters. They were all good girls; but the youngest, named Balna, was more clever than the rest. The Raja's wife died when they were quite little children, so these seven poor princesses were left with no mother to take care of them.

Now there was a wicked woman who had a

daughter, for whom it was her mother's highest wish that she should become a princess.

So the wicked woman, who was also a witch, cast a spell over the Raja, and persuaded him to take his seven daughters out into the jungle and leave them there to die.

So he took them a long way into the jungle, and as the day was very hot, they fell asleep, and the Raja left them there.

Towards evening the seven princesses awoke, and when they found themselves all alone in the thick jungle, they were much frightened, and began to call out as loud as they could, in hopes of making their father hear; but he was by that time far away, and would not have been able to hear them, even had their voices been as loud as thunder.

It so happened that this very day the seven young sons of a neighboring Raja chanced to be hunting in that same jungle, and as they were returning home, after the day's sport was over, the youngest prince said to his brothers:

"Stop, I think I hear some one crying and

calling out. Do you not hear voices? Let us go in the direction of the sound, and find out what it is."

So the seven princes rode through the wood until they came to the place where the seven princesses sat crying and wringing their hands. At the sight of them the young princes were very much astonished, and still more so on learning their story; and they decided that each should take one of these forlorn ladies home with him and marry her.

So the first and eldest prince took the eldest princess home with him and married her.

And the second took the second;

And the third took the third;

And the fourth took the fourth;

And the fifth took the fifth;

And the sixth took the sixth;

And the seventh and the handsomest of all, took the beautiful Balna.

And when they got to their own land there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom.

About a year after this, Balna had a little son,

and his uncles and aunts were so fond of the boy that it was as if he had seven fathers and seven mothers. None of the other princes and princesses had any children, so the son of the seventh prince and Balna was made the heir of all the rest.

They had thus lived very happily for some time, when one fine day the seventh prince (Balna's husband) said he would go out hunting, and away he went, and they waited long for him, but he never came back.

Then his six brothers said they would go and see what had become of him; and they went away, but they also did not return.

And the seven princesses grieved very much, for they feared that their kind husbands must have been killed.

One day, not long after this had happened, as Balna was rocking her baby's cradle, and while her sisters were working in the room below, there came to the palace door a man in a long, black dress, who said that he was a holy man, and had come to beg. The servants said to him: "You

cannot go into the palace, the Raja's sons have all gone away ; we think they must be dead, and their widows cannot be interrupted by your begging."

But he said : " I am a holy man ; you must let me in."

The stupid servants did not know that this was no holy man, but a wicked magician named Punchkin ; so they let him walk through the palace.

Punchkin walked through the palace and saw many beautiful things there, till at last he reached the room where Balna sat singing beside her little boy's cradle. The magician thought her more beautiful than all the other things he had seen, so he asked her to go home with him and be his wife.

But she said : " My husband, I fear, is dead, but my little boy is still quite young ; I will stay here and teach him to grow up to be a clever man, and when he is grown up, he shall go out into the world, and try to learn tidings of his father. Heaven forbid that I should ever leave him, or marry you."

At these words the magician was very angry, and turned her into a little black dog, and led her away saying: "Since you will not come with me of your own free will, you shall come by force."

So the poor princess was dragged away, powerless to escape, or to tell any one of her fate. As Punchkin passed through the palace gate the servants said to him, "Where did you get that pretty little dog?"

And he answered, "One of your princesses gave it to me as a present." So they let him go.

Soon after this, the six elder princesses heard the little baby, their nephew, begin to cry, and when they went upstairs, they were much surprised to find him all alone and Balna nowhere to be seen. Then they questioned the servants, and when they heard of the beggar and the little black dog, they guessed what had happened, and sent in every direction seeking them, but neither the beggar nor the dog was to be found. What could six poor women do?

They gave up all hopes of ever seeing their kind husbands again, and devoted themselves

henceforth to teaching and taking care of their little nephew.

II. THE PRINCE FINDS HIS MOTHER AND LEARNS THE SECRET OF PUNCHKIN'S POWER

Thus time went on till Balna's son was fourteen years old. Then, one day, his aunts told him the history of the family; and no sooner did he hear it than he was seized with a great desire to go in search of his father and mother and uncles, and, if he could find them alive, to bring them home again. But his aunts were alarmed, and tried to dissuade him, saying :

"We have lost our husbands and our sister and her husband, and you are now our sole hope. If you go away what shall we do?"

But he replied, "I pray you not to be discouraged; I will return soon, and if it is possible I will bring with me my father and mother and uncles."

So he set out on his travels; but for some months he could learn nothing to help him in his search.

At last, after he had journeyed several hundreds of weary miles, he one day came to a country that seemed full of stones and rocks and trees, and there he saw a large palace with a high tower, and a keeper's little house near by.

As he was looking about, the keeper's wife saw him and ran out of the house and said: "My dear boy, who are you, that dare venture to this dangerous place?"

He answered, "I am a Raja's son, and I come in search of my father, and my uncles, and my mother, whom a wicked enchanter has bewitched."

Then the keeper's wife said: "This country and this palace belong to a great enchanter; he is all-powerful, and those who displease him, he can turn into stones and trees. All the rocks and trees you see here were people once, and the magician turned them into what they are now.

"A long time ago a Raja's son came here, and shortly after came his six brothers, and they were all turned into stones and trees. And these are not the only unfortunate ones, for up there in that tower lives a beautiful princess, whom the

magician has kept prisoner there for twelve years, because she hates him and will not marry him."

Then the little prince thought, "These must be my parents and my uncles. At last I have found what I seek."

So he told his story to the keeper's wife, and begged her to help him. She promised to befriend him, and advised him to disguise himself lest the magician should see him and turn him likewise into a stone. To this the prince agreed. So the keeper's wife dressed him up as a girl and pretended that he was her daughter.

One day, not long after this, as the magician was walking in his garden, he saw the little girl (as he thought) playing about, and asked who she was. She told him she was the keeper's daughter, and the magician said, "You are a pretty little girl, and to-morrow you shall take a present of flowers from me to the beautiful lady who lives in the tower."

The young prince was much delighted at hearing this, and went immediately to inform the keeper's wife and ask her advice.

Now it happened that at Balna's marriage her husband had given her a small gold ring on which her name was engraved, and she had put it on her little son's finger when he was a baby, and afterwards when he was older his aunt had had it enlarged for him, so that he was still able to wear it.

The keeper's wife advised him to fasten the well-known treasure to one of the bouquets he presented to his mother. This was difficult, as a strict watch was kept over the poor princess.

One day however, when no one was looking, the boy tied the ring to a nosegay and threw it at Balna's feet. It fell with a clang on the floor, and Balna, looking to see what made the strange sound, found the little ring tied to the flowers. She knew the ring, and at once believed the story her son told her of his long search, and begged him to advise her as to what she had better do, at the same time entreating him on no account to endanger his life by trying to rescue her.

Now Balna's son was a bright clever boy, so he said: "Do not fear, dear mother; the first

thing to do is to discover how far the magician's power extends, in order that we may be able to liberate my father and uncles, whom he has imprisoned in the form of rocks and trees. You have spoken to him angrily for twelve long years; now speak kindly.

"Tell him you have given up all hopes of again seeing the husband you have so long mourned, and say that you are willing to marry him. Then try to find out where his power lies, and whether he is mortal."

Balna determined to take her son's advice; and the next day sent for Punchkin and spoke to him as had been suggested.

The magician, greatly delighted, begged her to allow the wedding to take place as soon as possible.

But she told him that before she married him he must allow her a little time in which to make his acquaintance. "And do tell me," she said, "are you quite immortal? Can death never touch you? Are you too great an enchanter ever to feel human suffering?"

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because," she replied, "if I am to be your wife, I must know all about you, in order that if any harm threatens you, I may ward it off."

"It is true," he said, "that I am not as others are. Far, far away, thousands of miles from here, there lies a desolate country covered with a thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm trees, and in the center of the circle stand six waterpots full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth waterpot is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of that parrot depends my life; and if the parrot is killed, I must die.

"It is, however," he added, "impossible that the parrot should suffer harm, for the place is so hard to reach, and many thousand genii surround the palm trees, ready to kill all who approach."

III. THE PRINCE SECURES THE MAGIC PARROT, BREAKS THE SPELL, AND PUTS AN END TO PUNCHKIN

Balna told her son what Punchkin had said; but at the same time implored him to give up all idea of getting the parrot.

The prince, however, replied, "Mother, unless I can get hold of that parrot, you, and my father, and my uncles, cannot be liberated. Be not afraid, I will return shortly. Do you, meanwhile, keep the magician in good humor, still putting off your marriage with him on various excuses; and before he finds out the cause of the delay I will be here." So saying, he went away.

Many, many weary miles did he travel, till at last he came to a thick jungle; and being very tired he sat down under a tree and fell asleep. He was awakened by a soft rustling sound, and looking about him he saw a large serpent which was making its way to an eagle's nest built in the tree under which he lay; and in the nest were two young eagles.

The prince, seeing the danger of the young birds, drew his sword and killed the serpent; at the same moment a rushing sound was heard in the air, and the two old eagles, who had been out hunting for food for their young ones, returned.

They quickly saw the dead serpent and the young prince over it; and the old mother eagle

said to him : “ Dear boy, for many years all our young ones have been devoured by that cruel serpent ; you have saved the lives of our children. Whenever you are in need, therefore, send to us and we will help you ; and as for these little eagles, take them, and let them be your servants.”

At this the prince was very glad, and the two eaglets crossed their wings, on which he mounted ; and they carried him far, far away over the thick jungle, until he came to the place where grew the circle of palm trees, in the midst of which stood the six waterpots full of water. It was the middle of the day, and the heat was very great. All around the trees were the genii fast asleep ; nevertheless, there were such countless thousands of them, that it would have been quite impossible for any one to walk through their ranks to the palace.

Down swooped the strong-winged eagles ; down jumped the prince ; in an instant he had overthrown the six waterpots, and seized the little green parrot, which he rolled up in his cloak ; while, as he mounted again into the air, all the

genii below awoke, and finding their treasure gone, set up a wild and fearful howl.

Away, away, flew the little eagles, till they came to their home in the great tree. Then the prince said to the old eagles: "Take back your little ones; they have done me good service. If ever again I stand in need of help, I will not fail to come to you."

He then continued his journey on foot till he arrived once more at the magician's palace, where he sat down at the door and began to play with the parrot. Punchkin saw him, and came to him quickly, and said: "My boy, where did you get that parrot? Give it to me I pray you."

But the prince answered: "Oh, no, I cannot give away my parrot; it is a great pet of mine."

Then the magician said: "If it is an old favorite, I can understand your not caring to give it away. But come, what will you sell it for?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I will not sell my parrot."

Then Punchkin was frightened and said: "Anything, anything; name what price you will and it shall be yours."



PUNCHKIN, THE PRINCE, AND THE MAGIC PARROT

The prince answered: "Let the seven Raja's sons whom you have turned into rocks and trees be instantly liberated."

"It is done as you desire," said the magician, "only give me my parrot." And with that, by a stroke of his wand, Balna's husband and his brothers resumed their natural shapes. "Now give me my parrot," repeated Punchkin.

"Not so fast, my master," rejoined the prince; "I must first beg that you will restore to life all whom you have thus imprisoned."

The magician immediately waved his wand again; and while he cried in an imploring voice: "Give me my parrot!" the whole garden became suddenly alive. Where rocks and stones and trees had been before, stood Rajas and Sirdars and mighty men on prancing horses, and jeweled pages and troops of armed attendants.

"Give me my parrot," cried Punchkin. Then the boy took hold of the parrot, and tore off one of its wings; and as he did so, the magician's right arm fell off.

Punchkin then stretched out his left arm,

crying, "Give me my parrot!" The prince pulled off the parrot's second wing, and the magician's left arm tumbled off.

"Give me my parrot!" cried he, and he fell on his knees. The prince pulled off the parrot's right leg, the magician's right leg fell off; the prince pulled off the parrot's left leg, down fell the magician's left.

Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes, and cried, "Give me my parrot!"

"Take your parrot then," cried the boy, and with that he wrung the bird's neck and threw it at the magician, and so, with a fearful groan, Punchkin died.

Then they let Balna out of the tower; and she, her son, and the seven princes went to their own country, and lived very happily ever afterwards. And as for the rest of the world, every one went to his own house.

Eastern Tale.

ALI COGIA, THE MERCHANT OF BAGDAD

In the reign of Haroun Al Raschid there lived in the city of Bagdad a merchant of some means. He lived happily in the house that had been his father's, and was contented with his lot. But he was not to remain so. For three nights a strange dream had troubled him. An old woman came to him and with a severe look approached him for not having made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Ali Cogia knew that, as a good Mussulman, he ought to go on such a pilgrimage. He had often considered going, but had always put it off for a more convenient time.

The dreams that had troubled him of late, however, caused him to decide upon setting out at once. Accordingly he let his house and sold all his goods except what he wished to use in traffic on the way.

When he was ready to depart, he found that he had a thousand pieces of gold, which he did not care to take with him. He began to think of a place of safety for the money. In the end he

placed the gold pieces in a large jar and covered them with olives. This jar he carried to a friend of his, Nouredin, who was also a merchant in Bagdad.

“ You know, brother, that I am about to set out on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Here I have a jar of olives which I pray you to keep safely until my return.”

The merchant received the jar into his storehouse and promised that it should remain untouched until Ali Cogia's return.

On the morrow Ali Cogia started out with a caravan and traveled for many days. He arrived safe at Mecca, and performed his duties at the temple to which the faithful Mussulmans go in great throngs every year. He then exposed some of the goods for sale; but, learning that Cairo was a much better place for such merchandise, he set out thither. Many other places, too, he visited, and it was not until after seven years that he returned to Bagdad.

All this time the jar of olives had remained in the storehouse where Ali Cogia had left them.

But a few days before that merchant's return the wife of Noureddin desired some olives. This made Noureddin think of the jar that Ali Cogia had left seven years before. He decided to open the jar and examine them. His wife pleaded with him not to betray the trust of his friend; but this made him only the more curious.

Accordingly Noureddin went to the storehouse and opened the jar. The olives on the top were moldy, so the merchant poured them all out, hoping to find some good ones. Great was his surprise when he beheld the gold pieces.

What should he do? He argued with himself that Ali Cogia was dead, and so the money might as well be his as another's. It was impossible to put the olives back as they were before, because they did not fill the jar. Therefore Noureddin threw them all away and filled the jar with new olives, replacing the jar where the owner had left it.

When Ali Cogia arrived, Noureddin pretended great joy at seeing him, and led him straightway to the storehouse. When Ali Cogia had taken

the jar home and had turned the olives out, he was greatly surprised at the absence of his gold pieces.

He returned to his false friend and tried by kind words to secure justice.

“If,” he said, “you had need of my money, and have used it, give me a paper to show that you owe it to me, and all will be well.”

“What madness is this?” replied Noureddin, angrily. “You left a jar of olives with me, and have received it from me again. Now you come saying that I have taken your gold. Why do you not demand diamonds of me?”

Seeing that nothing was to be done with the man, Ali Cogia took the matter before a judge, an officer who must be obeyed by every good Mussulman.

“’Tis true,” said Noureddin, when he came before the judge, “that Ali Cogia, at his own request, left a jar in my storehouse seven years ago. He carried it thither himself, left it where he pleased, and found it in the same place, covered as he left it. He did not leave

it as a treasure, but as a jar of olives. I know nothing about his story of money. He might as well demand pearls of me."

The judge, careless of his duty and willing to believe Noureddin, whom he knew, dismissed the case. But Ali Cogia did not give up. He appealed to the Caliph, and a day was fixed for hearing the case.

The evening before the case was to be tried, the Caliph and his vizier were walking in disguise in the streets of Bagdad. They came across a company of children playing games.

"Come," said one, "let us play at judge. I will be the judge. Bring Ali Cogia and the merchant who cheated him before me at once."

The pretended judge took his seat. Then one of the children, representing Ali Cogia, came forward with his complaint. Another, representing Noureddin, made the same answer that merchant had made to the judge, and he offered to assert his innocence by an oath. But the young judge prevented him.

"Let us see the jar of olives," he said. It was

supposed to be brought forward, and each party owned it to be the jar in dispute. The young judge ordered it to be opened, and he pretended to eat some of the fruit.

"These olives," said he, "are excellent, and I cannot think they have stood for seven years. Send for a couple of olive merchants."

Two lads came forward as olive merchants, and the judge asked how long olives would keep fit to eat.

"With the best of care," they answered, "three years."

"Look," said the judge, "into this jar, and tell me how old these olives are."

"They are of the present year," replied the play merchants.

"Noureddin," said the judge, "is ready to swear that they have stood seven years in his storehouse."

"That is impossible," answered the merchants; "we are certain that the olives are new."

The criminal wished to reply, but the judge would not listen to him.

"You are a rogue," he cried, "and ought to be

hanged." At this announcement there was cheering and clapping of hands among the children who stood looking on.

The Caliph was greatly impressed with the affair, and ordered his vizier to find out where the boy judge lived, and to bring him to the palace in the morning. He ordered the original judge before whom the case had been tried and the two olive merchants to be present.

"Was it you?" said the Caliph to the boy, "before whom the case was tried in play last night?"

"Yes," said the boy, modestly.

"It was well done," replied the Caliph. "Now come and sit by me. You shall try the real case. And now, Ali Cogia and Noureddin, do you plead your cause before the child, and he shall do you justice."

The case went forward as it had in the play, up to the point where Noureddin was ready to take his oath.

"It is too soon," said the boy; "let us see the jar of olives."

The examination of the fruit now took place in earnest. In the end it was clear to all that Noureddin was guilty. Then, instead of condemning the criminal to death, the child looked up to the Caliph.

“Commander of the Faithful,” he said, “it is you that must condemn him to death, though I did it last night in our game.”

Noureddin was turned over to the officers to be punished. He then confessed where the gold was hidden, and it was restored to Ali Cogia. The just ruler then turned to the judge and bade him learn of the child how to do his duty more faithfully. He then embraced the boy, and sent him home with a hundred pieces of gold.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE PETERKINS AT DINNER

It was dinner time at the Peterkins' house. They sat down to a dish of boiled ham. Now half the children liked fat and half liked lean. Mr. Peterkin was carving. But the ham was a very unusual one. The fat and the lean came

in separate slices, — first one of lean, then one of fat, and so on.

Mr. Peterkin began by helping the children according to their age. Now Agamemnon, who liked lean, got a fat slice; and Elizabeth Eliza, who preferred fat, had a lean slice. Solomon John, who could eat nothing but lean, was helped to fat, and so on. None had what he could eat.

It was a rule of the Peterkin family that no one should eat vegetables without meat. Although the children saw upon their plates apple sauce, squash, and sweet potato, no one could take a mouthful, because no one was satisfied with his meat.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, however, liked both fat and lean. They were making a good meal, when they looked up and saw the children eating nothing.

“What is the matter?” said Mr. Peterkin.

But the children had been taught not to speak at table. Agamemnon, however, made a sign of disgust at his fat, and Elizabeth Eliza at

her lean. So the parents understood the difficulty.

"What shall be done now?" said Mrs. Peterkin. They all sat and thought for a while.

At last Mrs. Peterkin said, "Suppose we ask the lady from Philadelphia what is best to be done."

But Mr. Peterkin said he didn't like to go to her for everything; let the children try to eat their dinner as it was.

They all tried, but they couldn't.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Peterkin, "let them go and ask the lady from Philadelphia."

"All of us?" cried one of the little boys.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterkin, "only put on your india-rubber boots." And they hurried out of the house.

The lady from Philadelphia was just going in to her dinner, but she kindly stopped in the entry to hear what the trouble was. After Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza had told her, she said, "But why don't you give the slices of fat to those who like the fat, and the slices of lean to those who like the lean?"

They all looked at one another. Agamemnon looked at Elizabeth Eliza, and Solomon John looked at the little boys.

“Why didn’t we think of that?” said they; and they ran to tell their mother.

LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

I. THE MAGIC CLOTH

Once on a time there was an old widow who had one son, and as she was poorly and weak, her son had to go into the cellar to fetch meal for cooking. When he got outside the cellar, and was just going into the house, there came the North Wind, puffing and blowing, caught up the meal, and so away with it through the air.

Then the lad went back into the cellar for more; but when he came out again, if the North Wind didn’t come again and carry off the meal with a puff. More than that, he did so the third time.

At this the lad became very angry; and as he thought it hard that the North Wind should be-

have so, he thought he'd just look him up and ask him to give back his meal.

So off he went; but the way was long. He walked and walked; and at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good-day!" said the lad, "and thank you for coming to see us yesterday."

"Good-day!" answered the North Wind, and his voice was loud and gruff, "and thanks for coming to see me. What do you want?"

"Oh!" answered the lad, "I only wished to ask you to be so good as to let me have back that meal you took from me yesterday, for we haven't much to live on; and if you're to go snapping up the morsel we have, there'll be nothing for us but to starve."

"I haven't your meal," said the North Wind; "but if you are in such need, I'll give you a cloth which will get you everything you want, if you only say, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes!'"

With this the lad was well content. But the way was so long he couldn't get home in one day,

so he turned into an inn on the way ; and when they were going to sit down to supper, he laid the cloth on a table which stood in the corner, and said :

“ Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes.”

He had scarcely said so before the cloth did as it was bid. All who stood by thought it a fine thing, but most of all the landlady. So, when all were fast asleep, at dead of night, she took the lad's cloth, and put another in its stead, just like the one he had got from the North Wind, but which couldn't serve up so much as a bit of dry bread.

So, when the lad woke, he took his cloth, and went off with it. That day he came home to his mother.

“ Now,” said he, “ I've been to the North Wind's house, and a good fellow he is, for he gave me this cloth. When I only say to it, ‘ Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes,’ I get any sort of food I please.”

“ All very true, I dare say,” said his mother ; “ but seeing is believing. I shall not believe it till I see it.”

So the lad made haste, drew out a table, laid the cloth on it, and said :

“ Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes.”

But never a bit of dry bread did the cloth serve up.

“ Well,” said the lad, “ there’s no help for it but to go to the North Wind again,” and away he went.

II. THE RAM AND THE STICK

He came to where the North Wind lived late in the afternoon.

“ Good evening ! ” said the lad.

“ Good evening ! ” said the North Wind.

“ I want my rights for that meal of ours which you took,” said the lad ; “ for that cloth I got isn’t worth a penny.”

“ I have no meal,” said the North Wind ; “ but yonder you have a ram which coins nothing but gold ducats as soon as you say to it, ‘ Ram, ram, make money ! ’ ”

So the lad thought this a fine thing. As it was too far to get home that day, he turned in for

the night to the same inn where he had slept before.

Before he called for anything, he tried the truth of what the North Wind had said of the ram, and found it all right; but when the landlord saw that, he thought it was a famous ram, so when the lad had fallen asleep, he took another which couldn't coin gold ducats, and changed the two.

Next morning off went the lad. When he reached home, he said to his mother :

“After all, the North Wind is a jolly fellow ; for now he has given me a ram which can coin golden ducats if I only say, ‘Ram, ram, make money!’”

“All very true, I dare say,” said his mother ; “but I shan’t believe any such stuff until I see the ducats made.”

“Ram, ram, make money!” said the lad ; but the ram made no money.

So the lad went back to the North Wind, and said the ram was worth nothing, and that he must have his rights for the meal.

“Well,” said the North Wind, “I have nothing else to give you but that old stick in the corner yonder; but it’s a stick of this kind: if you say, ‘Stick, stick, lay on!’ it lays on till you say, ‘Stick, stick, now stop!’”

So, as the way was long, the lad turned in this night, too, to the landlord; but as he could pretty well guess how things stood as to the cloth and the ram, he lay down at once on the bench and began to snore, as if he were asleep.

Now the landlord, who easily saw that the stick must be worth something, hunted up one which was like it. When he heard the lad snore, he was going to change the two; but just as the landlord was about to take it, the lad cried out:

“Stick, stick, lay on!”

So the stick began to beat the landlord, till he jumped over chairs, and tables, and benches, and yelled and roared:

“Oh my! oh my! bid the stick be still, else it will beat me to death. You shall have back both your cloth and your ram.”

When the lad thought the landlord had enough, he said :

“Stick, stick, now stop!”

Then he took the cloth and put it into his pocket, and went home with his stick in his hand, leading the ram by a cord round its horns. So he got his rights for the meal he had lost.

NORSE FOLK TALE.

PHONIC CHART

at	can	mad	cap	ă
ate	cane	made	cape	a - e = ā
am	ran	bat	pant	ă
aim	rain	bait	paint	ai = ā
fed	bled	step	bet	ě
feed	bleed	steep	beet	ee = ē
red	stem	men	best	ě
read	steam	mean	beast	ea = ē
fell	well	yell	shell	ě
field	wield	yield	shield	ie = ē
bit	hid	dim	din	ī
bite	hide	dime	dine	i - e = ī
sit	lit	fit	flit	ī
sight	light	fight	flight	ī
not	rob	rod	hop	ō
note	robe	rode	hope	o - e = ō
got	cot	rod	blot	ō
goat	coat	road	bloat	oa = ō
cub	tub	cut	us	ū
cube	tube	cute	use	u - e = ū

PHONIC CHART

laid	bait	rain	wait	ai = ā
pray	gay	pay	slay	ay = ā
sleigh	neigh	rein	vein	ei = ā
they	grey	prey	obey	ey = ā
beef	greed	sheep	sheet	ee = ē
bead	steam	reach	beat	ea = ē
grief	piece	field	believe	ie = ē
die	tie	pie	lie	ie = ī
dry	try	pry	spy	y = ī
loaf	road	foam	throat	oa = ō
hoe	toe	foe	doe	oe = ō
blow	grow	show	slow	ow = ō
hue	cue	due	sue	ue = ū
new	few	dew	hew	ew = ū
broom	school	roof	food	ōō
to	do	move	prove	o = ōō
ah	far	bark	part	ä
fast	pass	draft	dance	â
form	corn	stork	short	ô
all	talk	salt	halt	ô
shawl	hawk	saw	lawn	aw = ô
caught	naughty	saucer	author	au = ô
ought	bought	sought	thought	ou = ô
care	fare	spare	share	â
air	hair	pair	stair	ai = â

PHONIC CHART

burn	turn	nurse	purr	û
work	world	worm	worst	o = û
sir	fir	girl	bird	i = û
her	were	stern	fern	e = û
learn	earth	heard	search	ea = û
book	foot	hood	wool	ö
put	push	pull	full	u = ö
could	should	would	wolf	o = ou = ö
brute	rule	rude	true	u = ö
drew	crew	strew	threw	ew = ö
our	flour	ground	shout	ou
owl	shower	drowned	bower	ow = ou
laugh	tough	cough	enough	gh = f
Philip	cipher	orphan	sphere	ph = f
age	engine	huge	gentle	g = j
badge	edge	dodge	grudge	dg = j
cane	corn	come	cup	c = k
lack	lick	lock	luck	ck = k
ache	echo	chorus	Christmas	ch = k
face	fleece	city	certain	c = s
snapped	talked	dripped	crossed	ed = t
raise	trees	wise	rose	s = z

PHONIC CHART

sang	fling	wrong	swung	ng
banged	sting er	long ing	lungs	ng
length	strength	flings	tongue	ng

sank	pink	honk	junk	n = ng
an kle	sin ker	hon king	pun ky	n = ng
an chor	yan kee	con quer	mon key	n = ng
an ger	fin ger	lon ger	hun ger	n = ng

range	hinge	lounge	lunge	g = j
an gel	gin ger	singe	plun ger	g = j
dan ger	stin gy	singed	dun geon	g = j

wreath	breath	loath	wealth	th
wreathe	breathe	loathe	smooth	th

bathe	bathes	bathing	bathed	th
mouth	mouths	mouthing	mouthed	th

whittle	while	whimper	white	wh = hw
who	whose	whoop	whole	w <i>silent</i>

gnaw	gnash	gnat	gnarl	g <i>silent</i>
knight	knob	knot	knit	k <i>silent</i>

measure	treasure	vision	decision	s = zh
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bough	rough	cough	dough	through
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